The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1682 APRIL 16, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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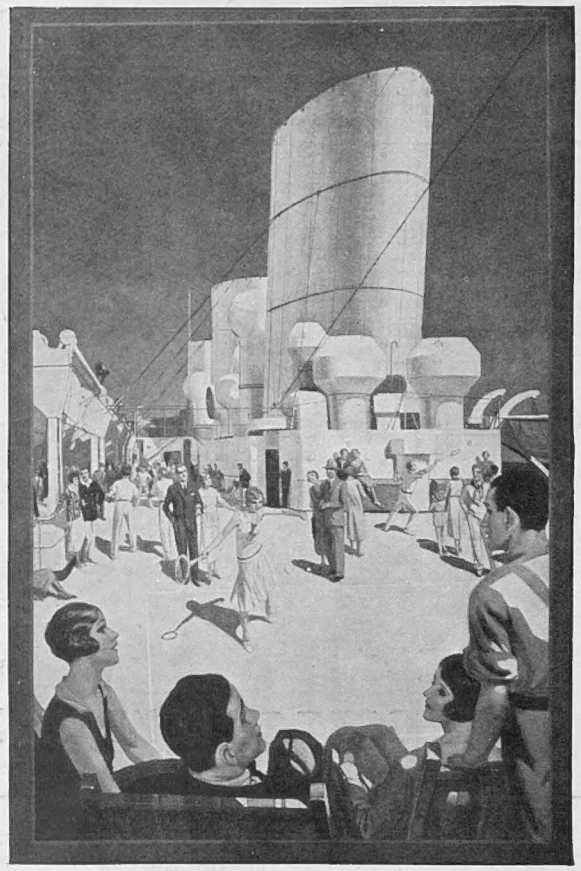

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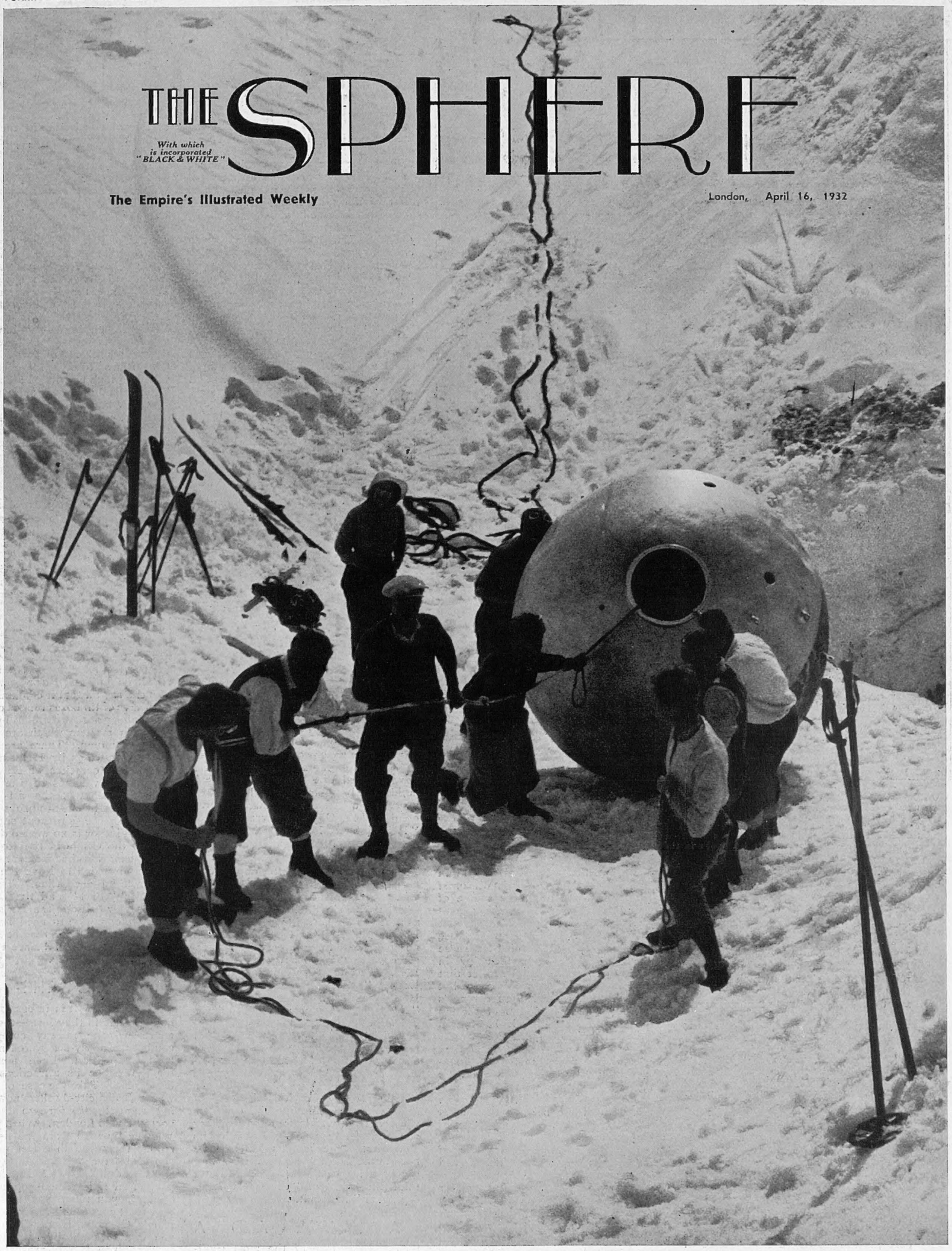
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 16, 1932



THE LAST OF THE STRATOSPHERE GONDOLA

Professor Piccard's Gondola has Been Lost on the Snow-covered Slopes of the Obergurgl Alps

The gondola in which Professor Piccard and his assistant, M. Kipfer, made their epochal ascent into the stratosphere last year has been lost! One night, while being removed from the site in the Obergurgl Alps on which it fell, to be taken to Brussels University, five unknown persons climbed the mountain and cut the ropes with which it was secured. The gondola plunged 600 ft. down a steep gorge where it is held fast. The motive for the act—unless it be a fundamentalist protest against scientific experiment or else mere rank hooliganism—is incredible. It is questionable if the gondola can be rescued from its present resting-place

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

QUASI-ROYAL HONOURS—A wedding in St. Paul's and a drive down Fleet Street in a Corporation coach were accorded to Miss Marjorie du Cros, the daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady du Cros at her wedding last week-end to Mr. R. A. Jenks, the son of the Lord Mayor. The ceremony was the first wedding to be held in London's cathedral for four years. The bride travelled to the Griffin which marks the site of Temple Bar—the City limit—by car and thence went to St. Paul's in the secondary mayoral coach

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 13, 1932.

PLAYING OUT TIME.—

The days in Parliament immediately preceding the Budget are usually dull and uneventful. The business of the House can be compared to the exhibition round or novices' match which precedes the big prize fight. Our Budget statement is the big fight, but this year we are most of us aware that political happenings of the first importance are taking place all round us. We have enlarged our stage. Our own budget is after all a minor affair, for unless the budgets of our neighbours balance also we might just as well file our petition. Great events are toward in the larger international field; this week has been filled with conferences of tremendous import, at any rate in anticipation. They break up in indecision, they split up into sub-committees, they adjourn for further investigation and, in moments of pessimism we declare that nothing will ever come of them, that the bad old diplomacy of neighbourly suspicion will never die. But in truth in the very delay, in the growing financial chaos all over the world, the hope of our salvation lies. Necessity makes strange bedfellows and, just before world disaster is irretrievable, France will admit Germany into her bed, and America even (forgetting the doctrine of Monroe) will consent to double up. But not a moment before zero hour strikes. Well, the sooner the better, for meanwhile abortive conferences tend to lessen our respect for the institutions and procedure of government and diplomacy.

PROS AND CONS.—

Even on the eve of the budget, no Jeremiah anticipates a tax on hope, although in a nation as resilient and optimistic as ours, such a tax would be a fine source of revenue. We have been taking comfort from the unemployment figures, which certainly show a slight increase in employment. But I doubt if those figures justify us in broadcasting in leaded type the triumphant verdict that our heavy industries are slowly but surely reviving. Sir Herbert Lawrence's speech to the shareholders of Vickers was as grave as it was lucid. He showed clearly the desperate plight which awaits firms specialising in armaments if they continue to be denied favourable financial support by their Governments. Nothing but superb management and sound finance have enabled Vickers to reveal a still strong position at the end of a disastrous year. Another source of optimism is the rise in British gilt-edged securities. That suggests a return of confidence in our credit which indeed is justified. Yet this returning popularity in gilt-edged issues has another significance. It is anything but a sign of reviving trade or returning prosperity among the nations. It means no more than this, that Britain to-day is regarded abroad as the least rocky of the tottering institutions of civilization, and that the nervous British trader still dare not risk his surplus cash in his own and his country's industries; and till he dare, trade will remain stagnant.

MAKING POLITICS PAY.—

If "a Berlin newspaper" is to be believed (and I don't see why it should be) Herr Adolf Hitler knows the (nowadays) exclusive secret of how to make politics pay. While in England politicians ingenuously deplore the fact that in managing our public affairs for us they sacrifice their own private interests to a degree that is altruistic and even sacrificial, Herr Hitler is credited with making £37,000 per annum out of politics. It is my conservative policy to divide by four all press estimates of a rich or public man's income. Thus, after dividing by four, Mr. Mellon's accredited income is a bare £5,000,000 a year, and Herr Hitler's a niggardly £10,000. But even £10,000 a year in Germany, and out of politics, is not to be despised. He is said to derive a good deal of it from the publication of "party" books and pamphlets, he enjoys a handsome "party" salary, and he gets 20 per cent. of the "box office takings" from his political speeches. What an appalling precedent to adopt over here. If our political tub-thumpers could make a handsome income out of their political speeches . . . But why should I make your flesh creep? Politics are out of fashion still in this happy island, but in Germany £10,000 a year is a sound guarantee against the disappointments which occasionally attend those who bid for dictatorship.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE . . ."—

One more financier superman has, it appears, revealed the essential rottenness of international financial methods and the criminal toleration of those who should control and regulate them. The first reports of the investigators into the affairs of the Kreuger group indicate that opportunities have long existed for the falsification of the accounts of these concerns and that those opportunities may have been snatched. The value of "opinion in the city" has depreciated pretty rapidly in the past few years. One smiles ruefully when one remembers the glorification of Kreuger and his vast undertakings which some of our most famous London Houses indulged in for our destruction. And the tale grows, larger and more terrible, of those supermen of finance who have proved sooner or later to be men of more brittle clay. If I have learned one thing in my life it is this, the last opinion to follow on any particular question of investment is the opinion of the City House credited with "inside information."

CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.—

The public has had a better opportunity than ever before to study the features of Chesterfield House and I am bound to say that the shell held attention quite as much as the kernel to be disposed of. Philip, 4th Earl of Chesterfield, was not backward in boosting the masterpiece which Ware built to his order in 1749. He was right when he called the Library "the finest room in London." It is so still. And once at any rate "the boudoir" must have been "the gayest in England." For then Chesterfield House stood in green fields "at the end of town." It was the Duke of Chandos' palace of Canons which provided the famous staircase we all gaped at, as also the screen columns facing the courtyard. Chesterfield House lost half its charm when the garden, complete with rookery, was lost in the masonry of Chesterfield Gardens. But it has its memories. The famous letters were born in the Library and French cooking was born in the basement; but I don't think the shade of "the Great Lexicographer" haunts it.

A SYMBOL AND A REALITY.—

One of the most significant of the catchwords which we repeat, parrot-like, is: "The Crown is an important symbol of Empire." You have only to travel to Ottawa or Wellington to find out how true and significant the phrase is, and one day perhaps you need travel no farther than Dublin. Therefore it is interesting to direct attention to the actual object—a thing of jewels and precious metal, which tangibly represents that symbol. The Imperial Crown has been renewed, reset, and cleaned, and is back in its place in the Jewel House of the Tower. The history of this Crown goes back hundreds of years, although the assembly of the jewels in their modern form dates only from 1838 when Rundell and Bridge dismembered other old crowns and prepared a fitting headpiece for young Queen Victoria. It weighed 40 oz, and contained 3,000 jewels, diamonds, pearls, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies. The most famous of all is the great ruby (set in a Maltese cross of diamonds) given to the Black Prince by Don Pedro at Vittoria in 1367. Henry V wore it at Agincourt. The regalia have been shown to the public since the Restoration, a concession abused by Colonel Blood and by a nameless female in the year of Waterloo. Otherwise they have suffered nothing but occasional pawning by needy monarchs. And now this Imperial Crown has been spring-cleaned and raised an inch higher. I see something "symbolic" in this. In my view King George V has added by his own merit, example, restraint, and hard work to the importance, grandeur, and magnitude of this symbol of Empire—a full inch.

THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.—

The Queen's inexhaustible energy finds fuller scope at Windsor than in any other of the Royal residences. For some years she has been rediscovering, redistributing, and cataloguing the treasures of the Castle with the assistance of the librarian, Mr. Morshead and other experts, and by her own extraordinary flair for recognizing works of merit, she has brought to light two or three extremely valuable and forgotten treasures that had found their way into the servants' quarters and elsewhere. The library is still an unproved gold mine. No one person exists who can say all that it contains. There are scores of tin boxes ranged on shelves containing priceless cartoons by Raphael and such masters which are only now being examined. There are scores of original drawings by Holbein (such as the famous courtiers of Edward VI's reign), and volumes of the best and earliest masters of the art of water colour. And there are books innumerable, and pictures without end. A wet day at Windsor is no wasted day. And outside the Castle in the Royal parks the Queen at the moment has two houses on which to leave the mark of her taste in decoration. The Prince of Wales' "Fort" and the Duchess of York's new house in the Park are both still in a condition to need her advice. At Windsor far more than at Sandringham or Buckingham Palace the Queen is very much at home.

WOOING THE DAILY-BREADER.—

It is impossible not to be interested in the efforts—the first real efforts—of the railway companies to combat the newly-discovered menace of road competition. Each method has for the public its attractions and its drawbacks. Take the case of Welwyn, whose garden city-dwellers now form an important clientèle for a go-ahead transport system to London. When you reach Welwyn by road from the north, you realize that even in a fast private car you still have a longish and tiresome and very dull journey to London before you. And if in a non-stop, restaurant car train you found you could, at the time most convenient to yourself, reach King's Cross in twenty-four minutes, you would thankfully substitute train for car. The L.N.E. are arranging to run five such up-to-date trains daily between Welwyn and King's Cross and back, and it will surprise me if they are not patronized. You may say that a buffet on such a train is quite unnecessary. If you hold that view, in my opinion you know nothing of the psychology of the travelling public. The deciding factor in this particular struggle is not the time-table alone; novelty, comfort, and luxury play their parts. Take a growing town like Haslemere in Surrey. Many people go up to London from Haslemere and Hindhead by road. It takes two hours to get into the heart of London, and it is a tiresome, cramped

sletter

journey at the best of it, with constant stops from Barnes to Hyde Park Corner. The price is 5s. return against about double that sum on the railway, and the Southern Railway, believing that its advantage in time is an adequate combat to road competition, makes no sort of effort to woo the travelling public with novelty and up-to-date service. It is short-sighted policy.

"THAT WAS YESTERDAY."—Conrad and, I think, Hardy, were often assailed by critics of their books for a reasoned justification of their chronic pessimism. These wizards would work up our passionate sympathy for their characters, and then, just when, after endless trial and misfortune, a happy ending seemed in sight as the logical outcome, down came once more the blanket of gloom and tragedy and final disappointment. I assail Storm Jameson for an inexcusable and deliberate assault on my feelings in her *That Was Yesterday*. The trouble about her is that she can write. If she couldn't write, and write horribly well, the middle class—the section of the vast "backbone" which she so cordially detests and despises—would not tremble at her name. If she were an amateur, such a weak-kneed sadist as her Penn Vane would be merely funny with the crude absurdity of the impossible. Young public schoolboys and young schoolmasters, from whatever stratum of the middle class they come, do not, unless they are mad, brutally and persistently kick and beat their girl wives with so little show of repentance as he, least of all if they are flabby, indeterminate, weak-kneed characters: and clever, modern young women like "Hervey" do not indefinitely lie down and patiently endure such outrages. I have rarely been more wrung, racked, infuriated, and outraged by a post-War novel, and certainly never more depressed. The worst of it is this novel is in the category of "first-rate." Nevertheless, it is fit tinder for the public hangman, in times as black as these, when the intolerable injustice of egotism, caddishness, cruelty, and thoughtlessness triumphing is more than we desire or, for the matter of that, deserve.

THE LAWS OF CRICKET.—Ever since the War the authorities have been fiddling with the laws of cricket while pessimists declared that the game was crumbling. Of course the game isn't crumbling. It is an immortal institution like the House of Lords and the Lord Mayor's Show—the more time these institutions appear to waste the more they prove that time stands still for them. While there is a big ball in the sky and a small ball on the grass Englishmen will play at cricket. And in all this fiddling the M.C.C. has kept its head and remained (unlike Nero) a dignified dictator. It has yielded gracefully but without loss of prestige to changing conditions and changing psychology. The "freak" declaration was born of necessity and it remains on the Statute Book purged of its absurdity and freed from any taint of Bolshevism. Jupiter Pluvius is sulking in his tent with his rapier buttoned. He can no longer spoil *all* our fun unless he never sleeps. There is plenty of fun and uncertainty in one day's play which may secure 10 points to the winning side. Cricket lives, and before the end of the month will be showing a leg. It is to-day a little hard to credit the assertion while the hail rattles on the window pane.

DIRTY LAWN.—The severest handicap which the Church of England has to face in its efforts to regain its lost place in the social life of the community, is the periodical necessity to wash its dirty linen in public. The papers have been filled for weeks *ad nauseam* with details of the public trial, on charges of immorality, of a country parson. The case is *sub judice* and comment is forbidden. The truth of these charges remains to be proved, but the harm is done; inestimable harm which nothing but time can efface. The trial puts back the slowly-ticking clock. With a nation that can read headlines but cannot reason, no fragment of slung mud falls into the gutter. Every scrap of it sticks, sticks like cobbler's wax to the cloth of a noble profession. It is as unfortunate as inept, as inconvenient as it is inevitable, this miserable necessity for an investigation which reveals the baseness and triviality of base and trivial folk quite apart from the questions at issue between the parties.

THE OLD STAGER.

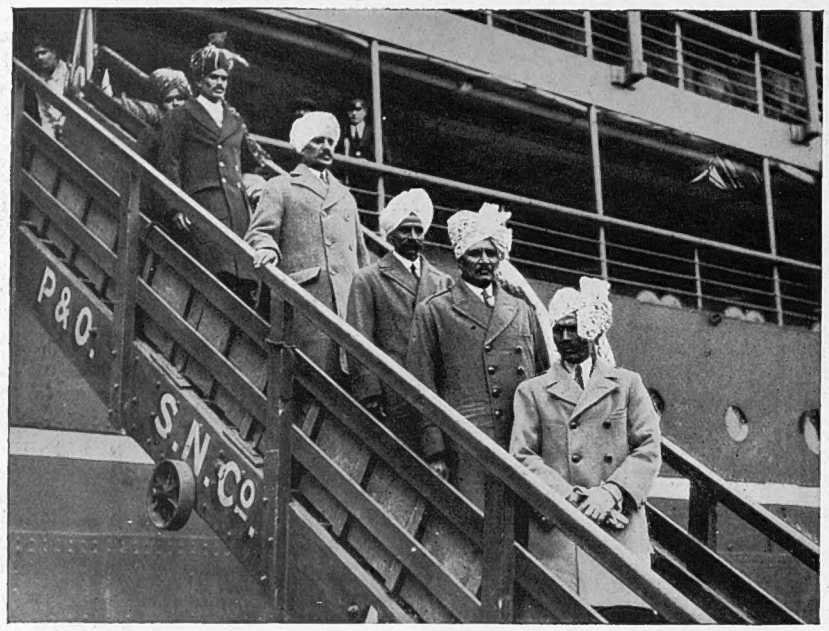
AT THE CHURCH OF MARRIAGES: The bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. F. A. Stanley, the nephew of Lord Derby, and Miss Ann Collins, the daughter of Colonel and Lady Evelyn Collins of Cundall Manor, Helperby, Yorks. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Ripon at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were among the guests

AT ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. F. Oldham after their marriage last week. The bride was Miss Thereza Hawes

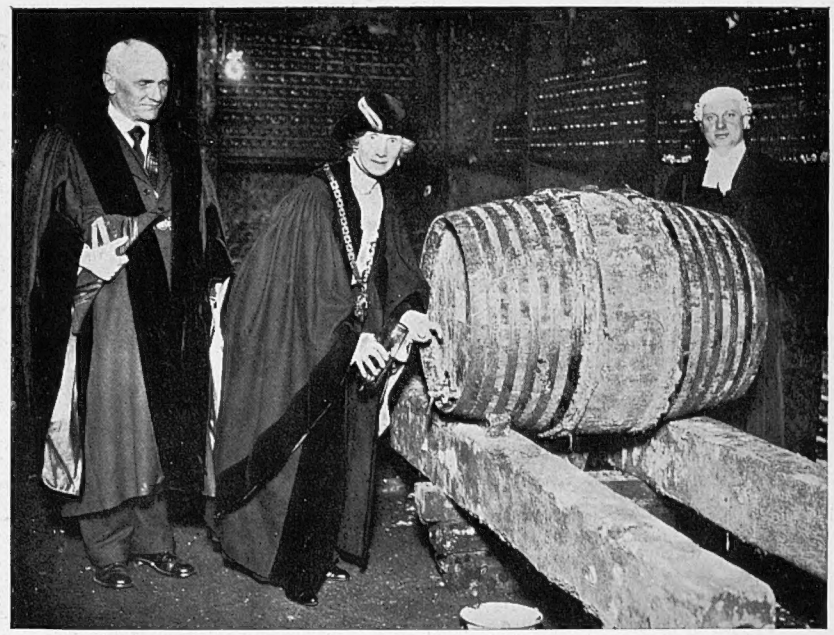
BETROTHED: "Lucky" Dewar (Mr. J. A. Dewar, owner of Cameronian) greets at Croydon his fiancée, Mrs. K. McNeill of Paris

THE BRIDAL RETINUE outside St. Paul's Cathedral where, in the first wedding to be held there for four years, Mr. Jenks, son of the Lord Mayor, and Miss Marjorie du Cros were married

AT THE WEDDING OF A SCULPTRESS: The bridal retinue at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at the wedding of Major M. B. Burrows, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and Miss Molly Le Bas, the distinguished Society sculptress



THE KING'S ORDERLY OFFICERS: These Indian officers highly picked for this honour come here for the term of one year. They are seen debarking from S.S. *Malwa* at Tilbury



THE MAYOR OF WORCESTER, Miss Diana Ogilvy, pouring out wine in Stallard's historic cellars (said to be the oldest in Britain) after she had been presented by the townsfolk with a set of Worcester china

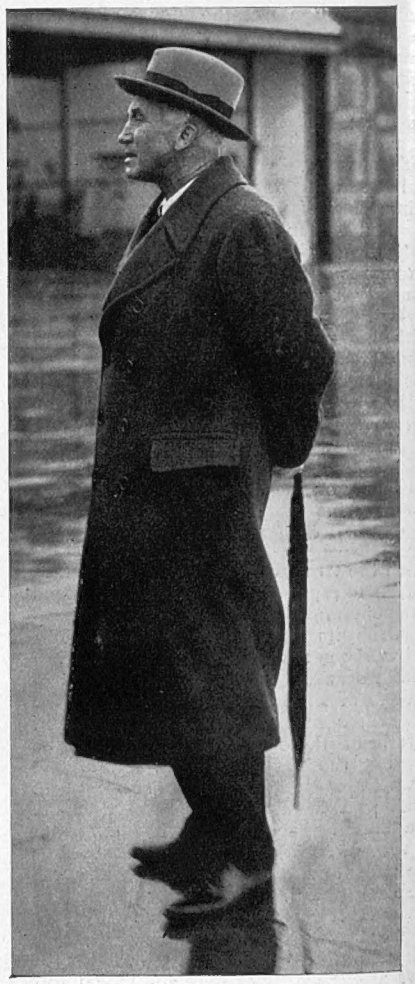
A WHITE HOPE: Miss K. Stammers, the eighteen-year-old tennis surprise who last week beat at Roehampton on successive days Mrs. Michell, Misses Ridley, Heeley, and Round

FOR WHOM A PLEA IS MADE: Young acrobats at the Euphan Maclaran School of Dancing, London. A deputation organized by the Variety Artists' Federation has waited upon M-P.s in Committee Room No. 10 at the House of Commons to protest against the restriction imposed on "dangerous" performances in the Children and Young Persons' Bill. The children are seen drinking lime juice—the only beverage allowed in the school

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON: The Hon. Geoffrey Lawrence, K.C., D.S.O., who has just been raised to the bench. He is the son of Lord Trevethin

ON THE TRAIL OF THE LINDBERGH BABY?: Major Charles Schoeffel, Assistant Police Chief of New Jersey, who has arrived secretly in London

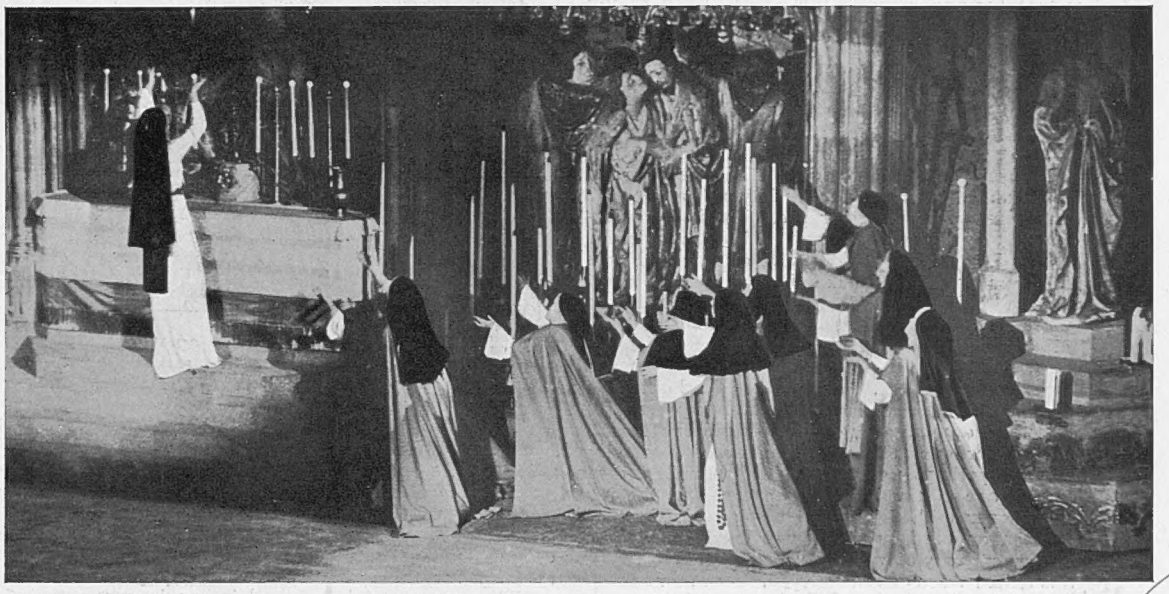
THE IRISH OATH QUESTION: Mr. John Dulanty, the High Commissioner for the Free State leaving the House of Commons last Monday



GENEVA-BOUND: Sir John Simon waiting at Croydon to fly to Paris *en route* for Geneva, where he is attending the resumed Disarmament Conference

"THE MIRACLE": A Miracle of Production at the Lyceum

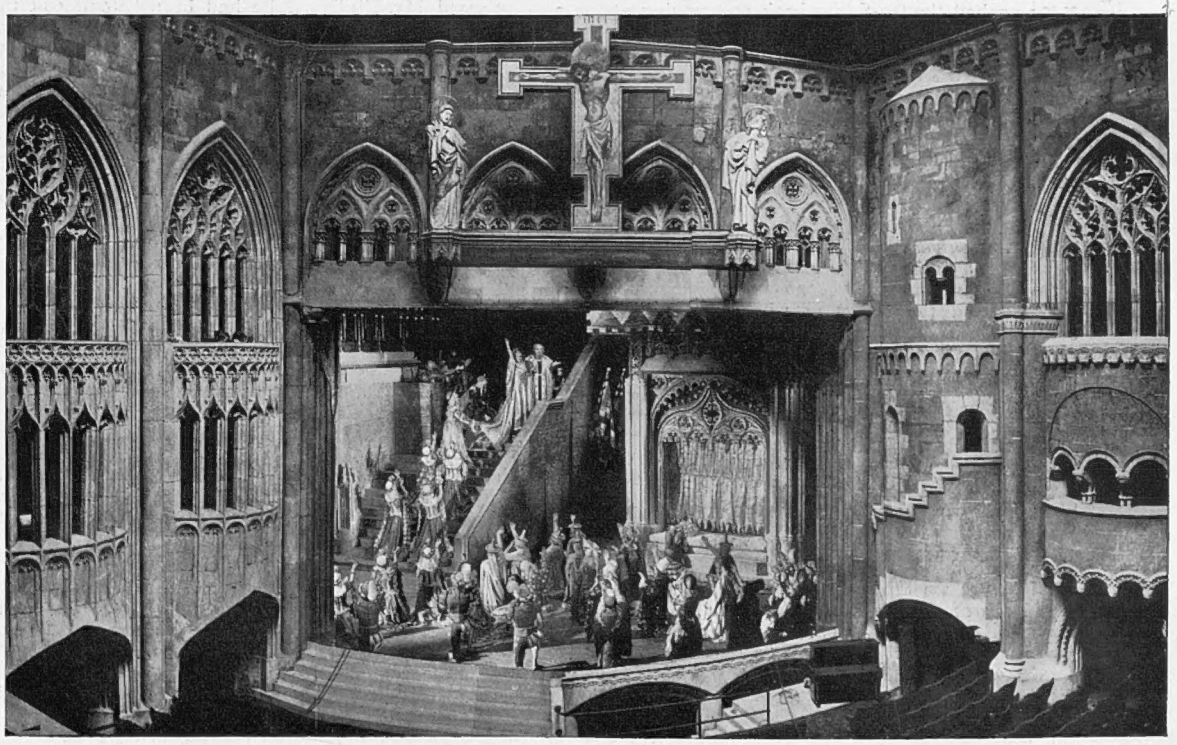
THE MOMENT OF THE MIRACLE: The pilgrims in colourful pageantry sweep on to the stage, bearing the figure on the stretcher who is granted a miraculous cure



THE MERCY OF THE MADONNA: The Virgin takes the place of the errant nun while her empty robes stand enshrined in the vacant niche on the right. The Madonna (Lady Diana Duff Cooper) is seen officiating at the altar

Special "Sphere" picture

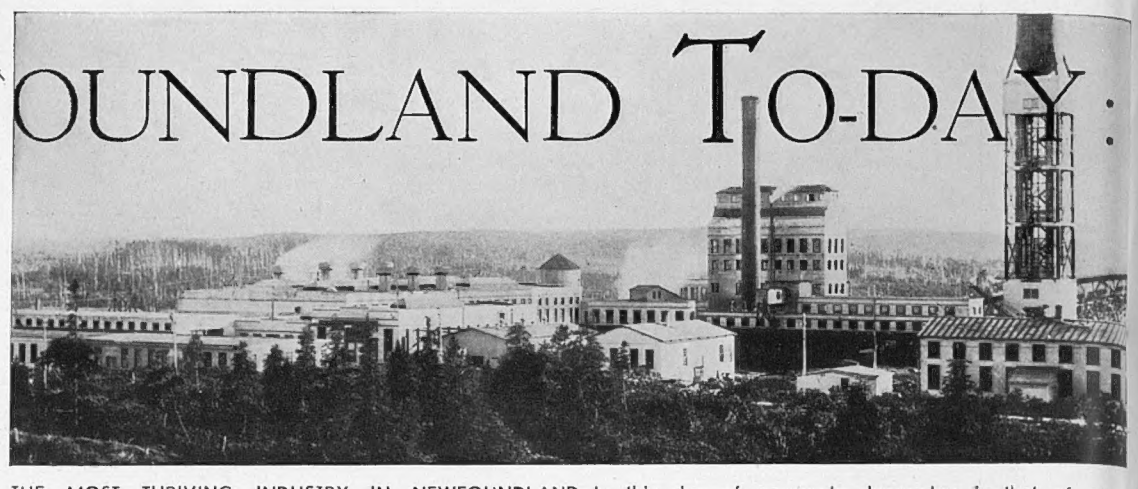
MADONNA: Lady Diana Duff Cooper (who plays under her maiden name of Diana Manners) in her superbly devotional performance



Special "Sphere" picture

A THEATRE TRANSFORMED TO A CATHEDRAL: The *mise-en-scène* at the Lyceum wherein the mechanical ingenuity of Dr. Strnad has been united to the showmanship of C. B. Cochran and the producing genius of Max Reinhardt. The King stands at the head of the stairs with the Nun (Miss Tilly Losch)

IN NEWFOUNDLAND TO-DAY:



THE MOST THRIVING INDUSTRY IN NEWFOUNDLAND in this day of economic depression is that of paper manufacture. Above is one of the biggest mills on the island

"You make me mad," said my friend from Newfoundland, flinging the evening paper into the fireplace. His observation seemed to me as unjust as it was unexpected. Were we not lost in the depths of the two most sink-at-sight arm-chairs in my club?

"You are my guest here," I said, gazing at him reproachfully, "but, as Hunding remarked to Siegmund on a similar occasion, just wait until we get outside!"

"Not you personally," he smiled, "but you blessed journalists as a whole. Just read that!"

He rescued the crumpled paper and pointed to a column headed:

"NEWFOUNDLAND PARLIAMENT WRECKED BY RIOTERS

Prime Minister Severely Manhandled
Allegations of Widespread Graft."

There followed "Our Special Correspondent's" lurid picture of events reminiscent of the worst excesses of the French Revolution according to the Baroness Orczy. Then I began to understand, for my friend is a Newfoundland man, born and bred. All his stories are of "The finest salmon fishing in the world, my boy!" and of great days in the wilds after caribou, so wild that they are not frightened by the approach of the sportsman and his gun.

"One of these days we'll send over a boatload of our husky longshoremen from St. John's to pay a surprise visit to the sensation mongers of Fleet Street that they won't forget in a hurry," my friend went on.

"The trouble with you newspaper men is that the only times that you tell the world anything about what you would call a godforsaken spot like Newfoundland, are when something extraordinary has happened there. The consequence is that the public knows the oldest British colony only as the place where Prime Ministers are given black eyes. Last December you precious people sent out rumours that we were going to default on the interest payments of our public debt: result, a serious depression of our funds which caused us considerable embarrassment."

"We suffer from the sensationalists just as much over here," I answered. "The stout fellows who cabled 'astonishing revelations' about the naval mutiny last summer precipitated our abandonment of the gold standard. I hold no brief for them. But still, riots don't break out, and Prime Ministers don't get black eyes out of blue skies. How did it happen? What are the events which led up to the scenes which, I read here, were 'unparalleled in the history of Newfoundland'?

"Besides, I had a letter from a friend out there to-day in which I read that things were not, evidently, economically comfortable in the island. I read for one thing of a camp of unemployed, ranging perhaps to some 2,000 in number, camped outside one of the biggest paper mills on the island. This paper mill, I learned, was the liveliest going concern on the island. It was busily employing its largest capacity of workmen, but outside its gates was this tented force of unemployed. The mill authorities were doing their best to help these people by providing necessities in kind, and such odd work as came along.

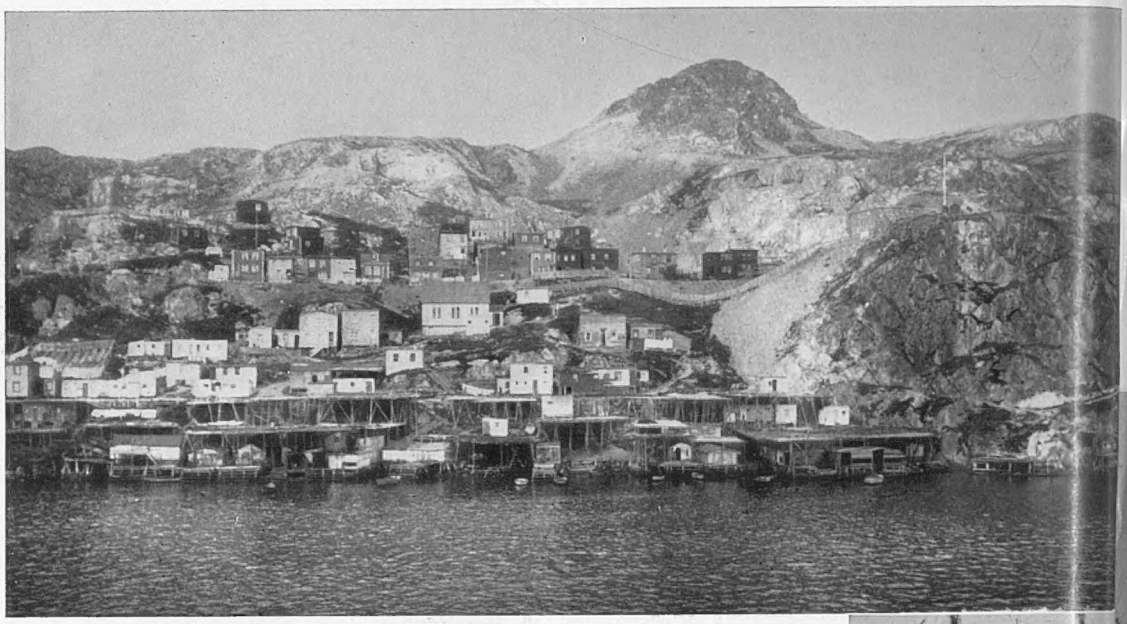
He pushed the tea-things back and waving at me a pipe over which he used a whole box of matches before he had finished, discoursed of Newfoundland with all the wistful enthusiasm of an exile.

"Half the damage done to my country by you special correspondents," he began, "is due to the fact that you can't tell a story without exploding a 'bombshell' in the opening sentence, merely to catch the reader's eye. Now a bombshell can't explode without a background. But the newspapers daze the world every day with the noise and confusion of unexplained bombshells, going off in the void without rhyme or reason. Scenes may only be 'remarkable,' and 'revelations' only 'amazing' because you know nothing of their setting, the forces at work behind them, and because the protagonists are mere names to you.

"Here, therefore, is your background.

"Newfoundland is the tenth largest island in the world. It has a population of 263,000 distributed over an area about one-sixth larger than Ireland. When the territory of Labrador, made famous by the great medical missionary, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, is added to it the total area is as great as that of Great Britain, Ireland, Belgium, and Denmark combined.

"The few of you over here who have ever heard of Newfoundland at all—and most of you," he snorted, "think that we belong to Canada—seem to imagine that I come from a land of Cimmerian murkiness. We apparently spend all our time groping about in perpetual fog. All I can say is that I've had more fog in two years of London than in thirty-five at home. You've got this fog complex from half-baked memories of geography lessons at school, where you learnt that on the shallow Banks of Newfoundland the Gulf Stream and the Arctic Current meet and give birth to the great mantles of fog which are always to be found there. Of course, the banks *are* quite close to us—only half an inch away on the map, in fact! It's also true that the Newfoundland winter is damned cold, but in the worst years the thermometer doesn't go to the temperatures of 30 deg. and 40 deg. below freezing point that you get in the Canadian mainland province of Quebec nearby. In St. John's, for example, the temperature rarely goes below the zero mark.



THE QUAYSIDES of a typical fishing village at the entrance to St. John's Harbour. The curious platforms are the racks where the cod, caught off the fog-stricken Grand Banks, are dried

"Newfoundland is unique in that practically 98 per cent. of the population is native born and of British descent. It has no real racial problems with which to contend unless it be those made familiar by setting down side by side those curious peoples the English, Scots, and the Irish. By far the greater part of the population lives on the coast and is engaged in, or is connected with, the fishing industry.

"When Newfoundland was discovered at the close of the fifteenth century" (his tone of voice would have pleased Mr. Kipling if he had been listening at that moment) "the corner-stone of the British Empire was laid. We began British and we've remained British. For while Canada was dominated by France for three centuries and George Washington happened after 300 years of British rule in what is now the United States, we've shown our independence by untieing your apron strings without having a family row.

"The island possesses immense riches in its hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin forests, in its mines, and in its fisheries, but if you're interested in those things you can get accurate details out of any year book. When you personally think of England you don't think of it industrially, you think of it as 'home.' That's Newfoundland to me—home. It's Nature's playground, sir. From May to September it's the most perfect climate in the world. Warm summer days and cool evenings that tell you to light a good log fire, while the winter offers you Switzerland without the jazz bands and the tips (you can get all that if you want it, of course, at the seaside resorts); but my Newfoundland is that of canoes and 'portage'—the gates of the wilderness. The early autumn is the time for me, when the leaves are turning, when the air is crisp and clear, and the placid lakes mirror inverted pictures of steep forest slopes.

"You fellows over here are all full of stuff about hunting being cruel. Well, so it is. Let's admit it. Those of us who don't like hunting needn't hunt, but we've all got the primitive hunting instincts in us just the same. Why, it was only yesterday that we were all running about in skins. So I'm not going to apologise for saying that about September I get restless over here. I'm longing to be back amongst those hills with a gun. Back in those wild recesses, from which spring the loveliest streams and rivers, you suddenly come across herds of caribou and moose; you catch sight of foxes, rabbits, and hares; and as for the fish in the lakes and rivers! Well, I suppose they correspond to the London buses for you!"

"It's not a new country either. Have you never heard of the Icelandic sagas which tell how Lief Ericson and his crew sailed their primitive craft across the Atlantic wastes about 1000 A.D.? And old John Cabot from Genoa, who in 1497 got a charter from Henry VII to seek out new territory in the new world which had been discovered five years before by Christopher Columbus. He and his crew of seventeen reached a harbour in the 'new founde land' on June 24, the feast of St. John and the name was given to our chief harbour, now our capital.

THE STAPLE INDUSTRY of Newfoundland is fishing. This impression of St. John's Harbour shows the branches on top of the low buildings used as drying grounds for cod. Hundreds of thousands of square feet of fish are exposed thus to the sun during the drying period

"Cabot was struck by the vast quantities of fish of so many different kinds in our waters and the report that he sent in to the king on his return in 1498 about the wonderful new fishing grounds attracted out there fishermen folk from all the countries of western Europe. The foundation of the island's position as one of the foremost fish producing countries of the world was laid as early as 1502.

"Those old fellows in their unwieldy ships, like floating castles to look at and like clumsy wagons to sail, without instruments, with ludicrous charts, sailed out from England, Holland, France, Portugal, and the Channel Islands into oceans alive with the terrors of their superstitions.

"From the very first the English made themselves the rulers of the coast. In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, arrived in the land-locked harbour of St. John's and in the name of his Queen took possession of Newfoundland. Little did the old boy guess that on the spot where now our War Memorial stands he was laying the foundation of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

A Survey of the Real State of the Island and the Depression in the Fishing Industry which has Led to Sporadic Outbreaks of Discontent by Out-of-Works from the Idle Quay-sides

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

"But these early mariners had other perils besides those of the uncharted seas to face, for as late as 1638 the columns of *The Weymouth Herald* contain the warning that 'three hundred English ships from Newfoundland will be in peril from Turkish pirates.' But they didn't care."

"Bold Britishers Brave Piratical Bombshell," I murmured. My friend very properly took no notice of this interruption.

"So alluring was the wealth with which the Newfoundland waters abounded that if all those who manned the fleets which visited the island in 1600 had become permanent settlers, the population would now be enormous. Only about one hundred years after its discovery as many as 200 vessels came every year to the 'Banks,' employing no less than 10,000 hands. The harvest yielded 500,000 dollars, which in those days was an almost incredible sum of money. Nearly all of it found its way into the coffers of the 'Merchant Adventurers' of the West of England.

"Newfoundland in those far off days had one of the strangest forms of government ever invented—the government of the 'Fishing Admirals.' Each Spring the captain of the first vessel from England that entered a Newfoundland harbour became Admiral for the season; the second became vice-Admiral and the third rear-Admiral. The three of them administered a rough and ready justice and exercised a complete control over the flotillas that went out there. Settlement in the island was prohibited and the Merchant Adventurers sent out the masters of their summer fishing fleets under heavy bonds to bring back, or adequately account for, all the shipsmen taken out at the beginning of the season. Adventurous runaways, however, gradually took to hiding on the island just before the ships set out on the return voyage, and in time small settlements were established. An edict of Charles II ordered the removal of all then settled there, but the heart of Sir John Berry, who commanded the naval ships on the station, was so touched by the appeals of the settlers to be allowed to remain, that at no small risk to himself, he went back to the King and successfully begged for its repeal. Settlement was still discouraged for long afterwards and it was not until a little over one hundred years ago that the building of homes was authorized from England.

"The first naval governor was appointed in 1729 and the officer commanding the fishery protection squadron was given the job, while the commanders of the other war crafts under his flag acted as his deputies over the different parts of the coast where they cruised. The first governor to winter in the island was Admiral Pickmore in 1817, and he was also the first governor to die in the island, for he died in St. John's in February of the following year. Before him the governors returned to England with their squadrons in the autumn and the country was looked after by the commander of the small naval vessel that was left behind for the winter. But after Pickmore the governers took to living there all the year round, and in 1832 a Legislature with limited powers was created to advise the governor. Full autonomy was granted in 1854.

"Until the second half of the last century began England's attitude towards Newfoundland makes me think of her as the traditional 'step-mother' country. Fishing difficulties with France and America caused constant friction and the step-mother country evidently regarded us as a collection of ugly brats, useful as a fishing station rather than as a source of colonial pride. The Crown was endowing a university at Windsor in the neighbouring province of Nova Scotia at a time when it was a penal offence to plant Newfoundland. But the old lady has grown indulgent and gentle with the advancing years and our troubles have long since ceased to be political. Now they are all fashionably economic.

"Roughly speaking, Newfoundland has all her economic eggs in one basket. Notwithstanding the important values of paper and mining exports, which in the year ending June, 1931, amounted to more than 20,000,000 dollars, these industries are but side lines. The fisheries are the mainstay of the island, and its general trade is more affected by their success or failure than by all the other industries combined. When, therefore, your eggs are all in one basket a world trade depression hits you harder than if you've been able to spread your risks amongst a variety of baskets.

"Now, the decline in the value of salt cod fish that began in January, 1930, continued during 1931 until it reached a point where the price paid to the fishermen was the lowest in the memory of anyone that I know. During the greater part of the season, when fish was passing from the fishermen to the exporters, it was practically unsaleable for cash. They could only barter fish for outfits or goods at absurd prices. Think what that means to a man with a wife and kids.

"Besides the difficulties of marketing which are usual to any trade during a period of falling prices, our fish trade in the course of the past year had also the difficulty of arranging the transfer of the money from the buying countries home to us. Not only have we had to contend with tariffs that the governments of most countries have raised against the import of fish, but we now have to overcome the objection that most of them have to allowing the free exchange of currency for the payment of imports. The restrictions against the opening of bank credits have, for example, seriously hampered business with Greece and Brazil. I need not enumerate all the difficulties due to low prices that we have had with Spain, Italy, Portugal, Brazil, and the West Indies, which have taken our main supplies in the past.

"Let the paradox suffice that on the whole never has fish been so plentiful, and never have the prospects been so gloomy. The men can't go on catching fish for $1.25 per quintal, and the exporter won't go on buying when he can't make a profit at these low values.

"The actual figures of unemployment in the island are serious. Unofficial estimates put them as high as 50,000, but even this doesn't give a real picture of the situation. The majority of Newfoundlanders own their own little homesteads, their own boats, and so forth, so that when hard times come they don't fill the ranks of the unemployed to the same extent that wage-earners in this country do. Instead, their whole standard of living comes down. Judged by the fall in the buying power of the people, they have been terribly hard hit indeed.

"The raising of the State revenue has also been difficult, since the greater part is derived from *ad valorem* import duties, which have naturally shown a serious shrinkage in values.

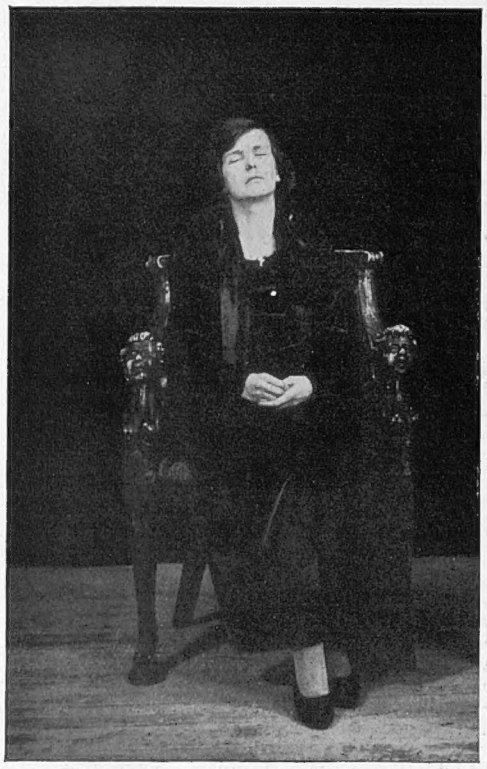
"In the face of this very real misery and hardship are you going to tell me that the riots which broke out last February and again last week are incomprehensible? What *is* incomprehensible to me is that last February's riots only involved about a thousand persons, and last week's only a few more. In any large seafaring town there is always a pretty tough, longshore element, and to me the significant fact is that the riots were confined to St. John's, where there are about two thousand unemployed, whereas the rest of the island has declared itself on the side of law and order, and raised a citizens' guard overnight. These are facts that the special correspondents did not think sensational enough for their bombshell opening paragraphs, if indeed they thought fit to mention them at all.

"As to Squires. Personally I am not one of the admirers of the Prime Minister; all my friends happen to be amongst his opposition. But he's an interesting personality. You might call him the Lloyd George of Newfoundland. He's a great orator, a man of boundless energy and dauntless courage—witness the way in which he has twice faced an out-of-hand mob. Such a man as he inspires great loyalties and equally great hatreds. Hence the relentless way in which he has been pursued with charges of graft, for which, please note, by the way, he has been exonerated every time. I repeat that personally I don't care for him, but I sincerely hope that he won't resign now because I'm sure that the island is disgusted with the behaviour of an irresponsible longshore riff-raff, and it would be a fatal encouragement to such people if they thought that they could turn out the government every time that they break a few windows.

"The economic difficulties that we're facing at home are common to the whole world at the present time and, thanks to our natural resources, we've probably a better chance than many of getting out of them. Last summer Squires appointed Sir Percy Thompson, deputy chairman of the Inland Revenue Board, Mr. J. S. Penson of the British Treasury, and Mr. Magor of Montreal to advise upon the reorganization of the island's finances. You have a comparable situation in Australia where, after collaboration from London, a financial reorganisation is being put through.

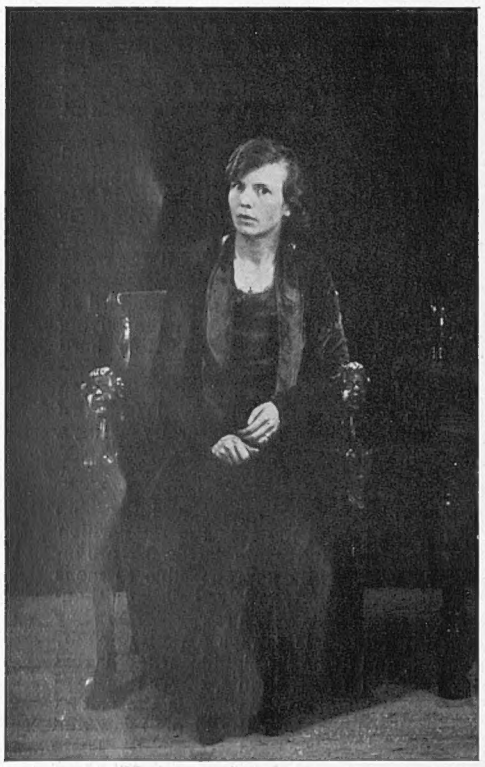
"*Of course* we have the most serious difficulties, but you can take it from me, old boy, that we are no more on the verge of a revolution than you are over here. And, by the way," my Newfoundland friend concluded, rising to his feet, "I do wish that you'd tell folks over here that I don't come from a place called New-FOUND-land but from Newf'n'land. A people who can pronounce Cholmondeley oughtn't to have any difficulty over *that*."

THE MORNING'S CATCH: A characteristic Newfoundland fisherman with his spoil of the sea waiting for it to be packed into barrels. The correct pronunciation of Britain's oldest colony and the beginning of the British Empire is not, as is usually said, Newfoundland with the accent on the second syllable but Newf'n'land with the stress on the first. Slightly more value should be given to the "a" than is conventional in the incorrect pronunciation



The commencement of a trance

Under the control of "Power"



"Power" gradually takes possession

An address in the trance state

"Power" in full possession

Pictures by Sasha

"Power" directs his medium

MRS. MEURIG MORRIS:

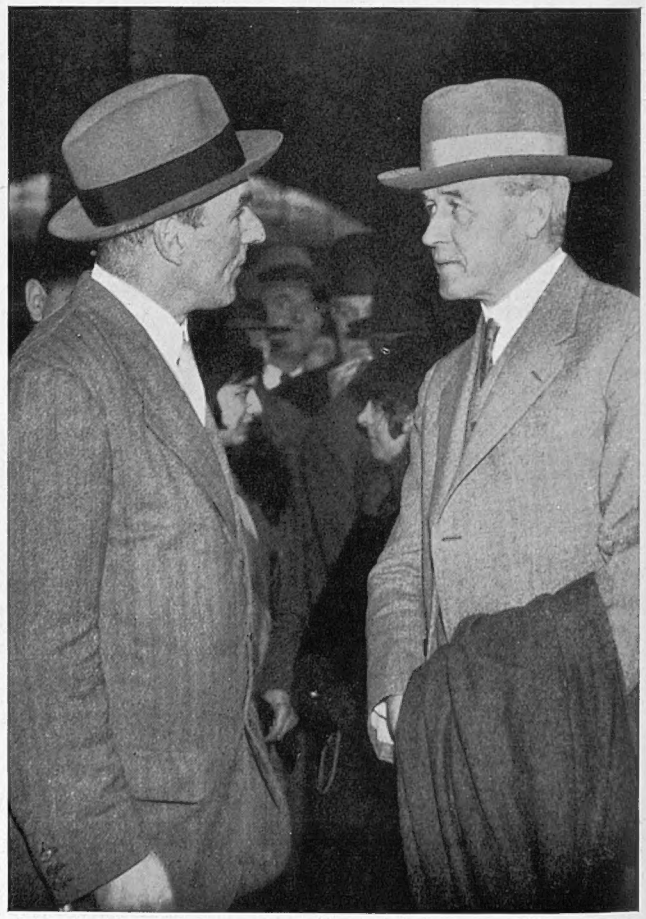
The Progress of a Trance Sermon Recorded by the Camera

Spiritualists all over the world have been eagerly following the libel action brought by the medium, Mrs. Meurig Morris, against a great daily newspaper accusing her of fraud. Many leading spiritualists have testified for Mrs. Morris, including Sir Oliver Lodge, Lady Conan Doyle, and Mrs. Champin de Crespigny, and even one confessed atheist

PERSONALITIES OF THE PAST FEW DAYS

MR. MELLON ARRIVES: The new American Ambassador greeted on board S.S. *Majestic* by Councillor F. Woolley, Mayor of Southampton, with an address of welcome

DELEGATES TO THE DANUBIAN CONFERENCE: Signor Grandi, Mussolini's right-hand man, and Dr. von Bülow, representing Germany, attended this very brief conference



REPRESENTING AUSTRALIA: Mr. J. G. Latham, K.C., the Australian Foreign Minister, who is to appear before the Privy Council in the case in which Mr. Lang challenges the Australian Courts' decision that he may not abolish the New South Wales Upper House without referendum. Mr. Latham is seen with Sir Edward Harding on left

CALLED TO THE COLOURS

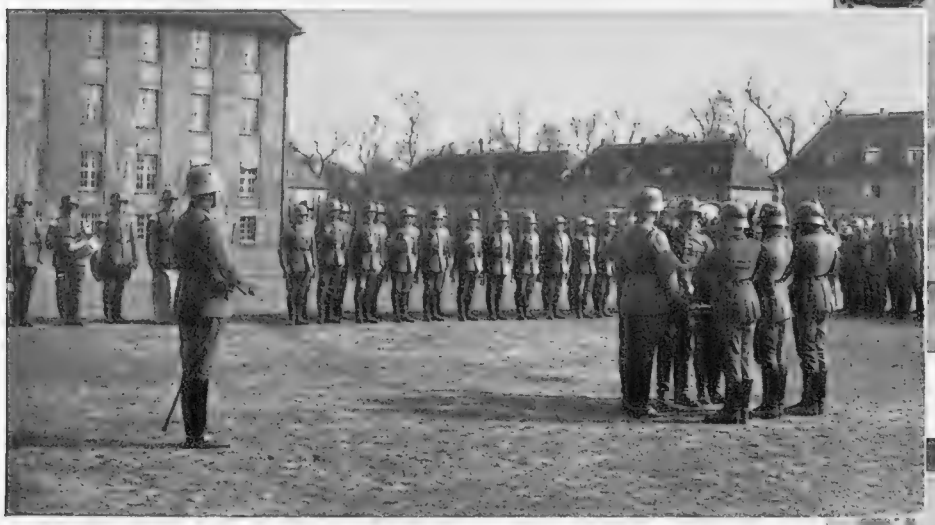
And Other Foreign Matters of the Moment

CONSCRIPTION NO HARDSHIP: To judge by the gaiety with which the Italian recruits march to their depot, the compulsory military service does not seem to weigh very heavily upon them

JOINING UP: The youth of Italy crowds the entrance to the barracks to be enrolled. The new Nationalism of Italy renders the profession of arms extremely popular

WEARING THE COLOURS: French recruits, called up as they reach the statutory age, are called up to the Mairie, and, being passed fit, buy the traditional *cocarde* as they go their way

IN UNIFORM: Recruits to the Italian army in their barracks or undress uniform. At attention the hands are not half clenched, as with us, but flat against the leg



THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE: Recruits to the German Army take the national oath at Potsdam. The old Junker spirit is far from dead, for it is encouraged by Hitler and the Stahlhelm and sublimated by Hindenburg

THE NATIONAL ECONOMIC COUNCIL opens in Paris. Above are seen MM. Jules Gauthier de Peyrerimhoff, Petsche, Under Secretary of State, Cahen-Salvador, and Parodi during the opening session

PREPARING PROPAGANDA: The despatch of posters recommending the voters of France to support a continuation of the present *régime* disseminated in preparation for the General Election

STANDARDIZATION RUN RIOT: A typical sales room of the Bat'a pedal products. The genius for Smilesian slogans that Tomas Bat'a possesses causes even customers as well as employees to have their eyes assailed with self-helpful mottoes

IN THE KIND

PRAGUE.

Czechoslovakia is to me an awfully interesting country because after the War it married America. It stands pat on the American Idea in business in Central Europe to-day. It yet sees nothing queer. There's even a Hoover Street here. This up till now thriving young republic swears by rationalization, mass production, machines without limit. It has a faith in its philosophy bordering on the childish. It gets petulant should you challenge. It requires, more than any land I know, intelligence officers—unprejudiced, intuitive fanatics after fact—to read, for the State, the likely future in the ways of commerce and industry. Several countries need peacetime intelligence officers. They would save an awful lot of money, warning against this and that light sally into to-morrow. But talk like that to these Czechs whom we made free and they'll be abundantly contradictory. Nothing must be wrong in Czechoslovakia—*nothing*—and what could be more American than that? When I said that Prague had no garages, for an advanced capital city, I was verbally borne down by the hotel staff. The idea! Nevertheless, Prague *hasn't* any garages, as we know them. Here you have a national condition of mind, right off. It owns kinship to the Babbitt who beams his way down Broadway, in 1932, with "business is fine" on the lapel of his coat. All this, to introduce to you the most American thing in Czechoslovakia—Tomas Bat'a (Batcha), Boot Ford of Zlin, Moravia, and who is going to take root by the Thames . . . and how!

Tomas Bat'a was well worth coming to Bohemia to enquire into. It isn't just a question of boots, although the issue he has raised over footwear is big enough, threatening, as it does, whole manufacturing towns. No. What one sees in Bat'a is Europe's first insulated tussle between men and machines, likely dominant issue of future years. America has had her first round and has been Carnera-d. There is either something tremendously right about the Ford-Bat'a concept or else tremendously wrong. Either the world can assimilate commodities — the whole gamut, from sky-scrapers to goloshes — churned out endlessly like sausages, and afford to cut staffs down and down in the process, or it cannot.

Tomas Bat'a is in the Czechoslovak trinity, the others being President Masaryk and Foreign Minister Benesh. A quiet reverence is shown in the mention of his name. Tomas Bat'a, however, evidently doesn't think little Benesh up to calibre, for in his office at Zlin are three pictures, reading downward on the wall: Tomas Bat'a, President Masaryk, Napoleon. Why no Ford is a mystery. Can Tomas Bat'a dislike remembering that when he arrived in America thirty years ago as a youthful cobbler itching to quit his last, Henry was already flirting with the notion of turning out tin lizzies by the dozen? Henry certainly was first; one has only to contemplate Detroit to-day to be sure of that.

Sentimental interlude. A mile or two over the hill from Zlin is the market-place where once the young Bat'a sold his hand-sewn footwear to the peasantry, where he dreamt his dreams. Does the Bat'a of fifty-two, dictator of near-by Robotopolis, and who has himself painted dialing on the telephone, sometimes go over to that old market-place? Does a cat encourage water? Tomas Bat'a barely has time to sleep, to schedule. He has to see, personally, that 150,000 pairs of boots and shoes are turned out daily, and he has to plan ahead so that such figure may be doubled and trebled in the future. When away from Zlin time presses so—boot time, for him—that he must needs fly everywhere. He returned only the other day from 20,000 miles in his de Havilland—India, Indo-China, China, Dutch East, Iraq, Egypt, Palestine. Two months it took. Here is the Bat'a method—there was a "buy Palestine" campaign in full swing in Jerusalem, and he wanted to start a factory on the coast.

Very good. He would "buy Palestine." He is going to take local oranges and honey as direct barter in payment for his cheap canvas shoes, and this honey and those oranges are to go on sale at his Zlin stores and canteens. Moreover, it was a case of two birds, for Palestine has free trade with adjacent Syria which will also be shod. Tomas Bat'a has the naked feet obsession. He sees nothing but trillions of naked feet east of Suez, all waiting to be Bat'a-d. It is a commendable obsession — but is it quite sound? *Does* the native of the Ganges so yearn to encase his leathern extremities as fashioned by ancestral aeons of walking barefoot? Bat'a has decided yes, but that the shoeing must be incredibly cheap. He reports, in so many words, "The problem is one of distribution. We need raw stuffs from the Orient. They need our manufactures. But they are underpaid and can't buy. How can a Hindu earning 8d. a day do an exchange with Europeans earning 10s.? I want cotton and rubber from the East. I am going to get them by greatly increased rationalization of plant. I have already bespoken my plantations. The remaining problem is one of machinery. I have got to sell to natives the cheapest of the cheap."

YOUTH PREDOMINATES in the Bat'a factories in Zlin: no one over twenty-five is taken on, as the presiding deity likes malleable human material to mould to his robot-cum-tell-tale design

This selling-to-native concerns London, it being allegedly the *raison d'être* of the great factory planned for Essex. Bat'a will thus have come inside the Empire cordon—always provided Gandhi doesn't order a boycott because English hands will have tended the running belt, the conquering machinery, in Essex.

The running belt. The god of Zlin. Everything leads up to it. Life runs, is ruled by it. If anything goes amiss, ever so transiently, with the running belt upon which divers forms of footwear are put together like the gramophones in *A Nous la Liberté*, Zlin's heart flutters. How much, at Zlin, reminds one of that topping film! Cut out the uniforms and the drilled stepping and one or two exaggerations such as new recruits having to tell their health into a dictaphone, and . . . well, Réné Clair must have been to Zlin! The place is situate three hours north-east of Vienna, by road. Ten years ago it counted 5,000 inhabitants. To-day, 30,000. And it is being planned, from now on, for 100,000 in 1942. Which is tantamount to saying it's a bit of a mess. It is going to be Europe's Zenith City, most utilitarian, hygienic, and screechingly modern in architectural design. At present it is all automatic drills and framework and road-making and drain-laying. Surrounded by hills, Zlin has some forty greyish factory buildings, each housing on an average 485 workers of both sexes. The balance of the inhabitants is composed of families and of the classes forming a town's population, trade, and other. A considerable number of factory hands are scattered and have to be collected by autobuses which can never wait a second because of the running belt which, when it starts *starts*, and if hands are not at their posts . . . but the prospect is too dreadful to contemplate.

Hours can be anything Bat'a, or his workers choose to make them. Payment is based on piece-work and because of the profit-sharing method adopted has fairly got the backs up of trade unionists. The uttermost ounce is squeezed out of employees. There is a story that Bat'a once "forgot" it was closing-down time when he happened to be inspecting plant and that he continued to inspect for twenty more minutes which meant a total of 500,000 working minutes which, with full personnel at the belt, was equivalent to 1,042 working days. On another occasion, it is related, Bat'a gave a hundred crowns to a worker and told him to go at it like the dickens. The man did so, and then Bat'a set the new record achieved as the imperative common goal. Perhaps what Bat'a is proudest of having initiated is the check-on-the-worker-next-door.

Whenever a hand spots a flaw, he or she has immediately to signal it, when it is always visited, in the way of penalty, on the person just next door who had failed to detect it, although the error may have been committed scores of hands away down the line. A frequent charge is that the system is based on an unpleasant sneaking, if not espionage, as between employees, and I am wondering how things will pan out in this line on the Thames. Bat'a, we must remember, has had pliable, post-War, Central European human material to work on, thus far. If may be he is fearing employees abroad may cut up rather differently since one

THE SCHOOL OF ZLIN: Bat'a Town (for the magis the industrial controller of the city) educates its cit matic control, mass production, and standardization themselves characteristic of the philos

learns all hands taken on in the new foreign enterprizes are to be assembled from the unemployed, from demoralized men and women who may perhaps stand a great deal.

Bat'a believes in the morning, for extracting work at pressure. From Monday to Friday, the siren goes at 7 a.m., and work is without pause of any kind until noon. The belt runs on incessantly—this operative putting in a nail, the next hammering it, so to speak—and the worker who quits even for a moment does so at his or her risk. They have all been medically passed as fit for such effort, while no one older than twenty-five is taken on. The afternoon session of the five-day week is from one to five: making nine hours in all. In the canteen interval of an hour, food is taken to quick-march music which makes the service nippier. Critics of Bat'a relate how recruits are wont to make the same movements in their dreaming as in the factory—from the running belt to the machine, from the machine back to the running belt. If Bat'a himself does any dreaming, a recurring one should be a world of human centipedes.

Wages work out relatively well, but here again

DOM OF THE ROBOT:

The Fantasies of Verne and Wells are Coming True in Time: The Satires of Capek, Huxley, and René Clair are Almost being Fulfilled Before they are Written. The Bat'a Boot Factory at Zlin, Czechoslovakia, Presents in Terms of Life the Visions of "R U R," "A Nous La Liberté," and "Brave New World"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE DICTATOR AND THE GOD of Zlin who proposes to make the Hindus of India "foot-conscious" by a deluge of shoes from his Essex factory

there is criticism. It is claimed that Bat'a pays his workpeople with one hand, only to get it back with the other: that he insists on having a say in their spending. For instance, his many thousands obtain their household and living necessities—even to clothes and bicycles—from Bat'a co-operative stores, in addition to using the canteens, while cinemas and kindred distraction further increase Bat'a profits. It is alleged that Bat'a makes sufficient profits outside of the running belt as to enable him to undersell boot and shoe competitors in foreign markets, a second allegation being that stock sold within Czechoslovakia is not so good as abroad and, by comparison, dearer. But what especially rouses the wrath of the orthodox is the scheme by which Bat'a has passed on responsibility for wages to the workers themselves. He says, "dud output forms percentage X. I will make over this to you, provided you guarantee me against reduction of output and indifferent material. If there is loss it goes on the debit side, gain goes on the credit." Actually only one-third thus credited goes to the operatives, the other

THE MACHINE THE MASTER OF MAN: A typical scene in the Zlin factory where 35,000 employees turn out 150,000 shoes a day; where overtime is unknown; and where the production standard is set by the fastest worker

THE ENDLESS BELT: This scene from the René Clair satire is practically paralleled (save for the uniform) in the Bat'a factory. Every man is responsible for the work of his predecessor

two-thirds going into the bank as insurance against future loss on dud output. The general effect of this scheme is to place the lot of each and every worker in the hands of his or her fellows; out goes the indifferent operative, cannibalistically

s Mayor of Zlin as well as along its own lines of system- educates them in buildings hey teach

put out by other robots who stand to lose by the inferior one's continued presence.

The German novelist, Ehrenburg, with whom Bat'a has been at law, wrote recently:

"The word 'punishment' hovers incessantly. A defaulter can be made to work days for nothing. Sometimes the factory doesn't close till midnight (evidently in connection with those who have got behindhand). The word overtime is unknown. If a hand has not completed his or her task by Friday evening, he or she has until Monday morning to make good. It is entirely up to the worker. If things are not in order when the belt restarts on Monday morning, out goes the defaulter.

"Recruits have to answer an intimate questionnaire beginning: 'How much do you expect to save a year? What are you going to do with your savings? What have you done with your life so far?' And what paper does the newcomer affect; and is he or she partial to stiwonitz (stimulant), and is there a gspusi in the case (friend)? The workers are closely watched. A girl worker was seen in a £3 dress. She was only earning 10s. a week. At once the police (of which Bat'a, as mayor, is the head) searched her lodging. Female workers at Bat'a have a medical board twice a month. If a girl worker is seen alone in Zlin after ten at night she risks being taken along. Workers who reach the age of twenty-five are expected to marry or leave. One cannot read, love, or walk without Bat'a's permission."

The Bat'a organization holds it is not possible to substantiate these remarks. Bat'a defends himself continuously, taking libel actions and issuing press bureau denials. He has his own paper, *Zlin*, for his robots, and is alleged to have occult influence in national presses outside his own country. He, of course, advertises copiously.

I have the latest *Zlin* here. I bought it in the Bat'a store on Vaclaveske, Prague's astonishing fifty-yards-wide, mile-long boulevard. (What a blessing that War was to some cities!) *Zlin* this morning features something in praise of Hoover, some local Polyanna, and the usual maxims from Bat'a himself. The fellow is great on maxims which also decorate his factory walls. "Cheer up!" "If you want money, learn to earn it." "Who reflects, reaches the goal." "I don't know exploitation, I only know collaborators." "Those who spend their money wisely must be distinguished from those who throw it out of the window." "Life is not a romance." "To youth: Don't read Russian novels: they remove the joy of life!" "To humanity: My shoes don't make corns. I don't work for myself, I work for you!" Regarding the corns, all I can say is that the fifth floor of the Bat'a building here is given over to sun-steeped pedicure stalls and that when I passed by—on every floor pounced upon in Czech which really I don't know, and pouncing does so intimidate—rows of both sexes, chiefly young, were seated waiting their turn. The building is all glass and ablaze at night. I can testify that some staff were still carrying on towards midnight on Good Friday. Heaven knows what they had done. Bat'a also has a rocking-horse section on the children's floor, and a cafeteria, and lots of mottoes which to me sounded like tearing calico. On the stairs, unused, I came upon a pretty young Bat'aist whispering hurriedly to an admirer. What the penalty is for such shameless squandering of the dictator's time, I hesitate to think. Moreover, a robot showing S.A.!

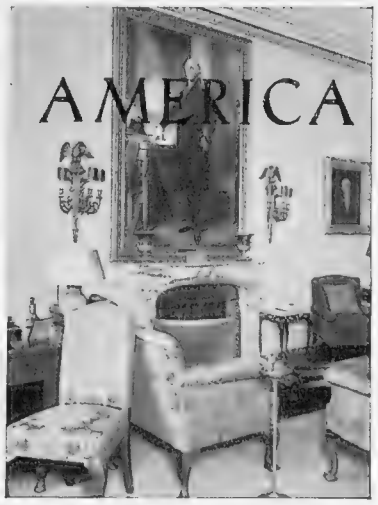
ROBOTOPOLIS: Zlin, the town whose theory and practice are described and indicated in all their intense mechanization in the accompanying article

I wish I could be at Zlin on May 1, because Bat'a is always King of the May and fairly exudes maxims. Last May Day he collected no less than 50,000 applauders together. There is a robot march past of the whole concern, and then follows the dictator's deep thinking. And after that sports and swimming and cycling competitions, and a banquet which, one hopes, may not terminate like René Clair's. A question I have asked consistently has been this: Are these people happy? After all, they may be pretty near to slaves morally, but they are paid and cared for; the point is, what do they think about it? They are not happy. Definitely. They realize too well what they have become. The many-tongued battalions of Zlin (and Bat'a takes all nationalities and likes them young so that he may mould them) appear to chorus, "If a man were a machine. . . ."

"A mixture of Samuel Smiles and business genius," Bat'a is described to me. "He is the shrewd peasant and is indefatigable. When not inventing aphorisms or new means of increasing output and profits, he is round the works in oily blouse. He taught his wife to type in order to dictate at night. He knows no distraction, is indifferent to food, a teetotaler. He has his private line to Prague, and his wagon-lit thither. He worships Masaryk. He owns nine aeroplanes and tried to get the R 100. His plans are immense; his optimism unbounded." The Zlin of ten years on will be a model, if in between it is going to be a skeleton hades. In the centre will rise the bigger factories. Around these, the lower buildings. All glass and steel, and no smoke or dirt: everything electricity or gas. Eighty new factories are planned. There will be a special

(Continued on p. 122)

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY: Mr. Andrew Mellon, the distinguished aristocrat of the world of finance; the Epicurean of politics—a study taken in Washington by special permission of the self-effacing veteran whose spiritual home is England



THE STUDY in the Embassy at Princes Gate is dominated by a picture of the first U.S. President

THE GARDENS of the charming building in Princes Gate facing Hyde Park

THE LIBRARY in the Princes Gate twenty-room residence of the U.S. Ambassador—presented by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to the American Government

THE DINING-ROOM in which the U.S. Ambassador—no matter who he be—entertains the diplomats with whom he comes into daily contact

WHERE THE WORK IS DONE: One of the rooms in "The Chancery" of the U.S. Embassy, in Grosvenor Gardens, where the Chargé d'Affaire, the Secretary, the Naval and Military attachés, the code experts, and the entire staff live and move and have their being. Here, also, works the Ambassador in person, though he lives in Princes Gate

AMERICA in ENGLAND

The Chancery where the Work is Done and the Embassy in Princes Gate where Mr. Mellon Lives

The arrival of Mr. Andrew Mellon to London as the new Ambassador of the United States is regarded as especially significant. It is believed—and hoped—that this calm master of millions of money who has been Chancellor of the Exchequer of the United States under three Presidents will do great things towards world prosperity when he sets to in his quiet room at the workshop of the American Embassy at 4, Grosvenor Gardens.

Here, and at his official residence, 14, Princes Gate, he will meet British Ministers and other men of importance in the tangled world of war debts and reparations. These things certainly have immense bearing upon our trade, manufacture, and unemployment problems. Mr. Mellon, aged 77, is full of the call of life. He is bringing with him some of his costly art treasures which are among the most famous in the world.

The distinction between the house at Princes Gate and the big building at Grosvenor Gardens is briefly that the former is the place presented to the American nation by the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan to be the standing residence of successive U.S. Ambassadors to Britain and that the building at Grosvenor Gardens is the place where the work is done.

The residence is called the Embassy and the Grosvenor Gardens building is called the Chancery. At Grosvenor Gardens are the rooms of the Chargé d'Affaires, the Secretary, and the Naval and Military Attachés; and here, on various floors, reached by a lift, are rooms where the staff carry on the amazingly wide activities consequent upon the daily communications between the two great English-speaking countries.

The whole staff of the Embassy went down to meet the new Ambassador when he arrived. Mr. Mellon's first visit was to the King. He presented his credentials. He will know his way about London for he has been among us before, though not as Ambassador.

At ceremonial functions, when I see the glittering, plumed, gold-braided, and uniformed throng, I always think that the United States Ambassador is distinguished by being undistinguished. He is the only Ambassador who has no official uniform. Among all the gold braid and glow of colour Uncle Sam's envoy stands conspicuous in plain black clothes, sometimes in what we should call evening dress.

The Fourth of July reception will be one of the big functions at Princes Gate; and I found, when I attended these Independence Day celebrations some time ago, that not only the throng of American citizens in London but a good many distinguished English people attended and shook hands with the Ambassador.

Mr. Mellon will be a welcome guest in every house of importance in Britain. Uncle Sam for many years has sent us some of his best. I have met a good many and have seen letters and portraits and heard the memories of others while I have chatted in the Embassy—James Russell Lowell, John Hay, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph Hodges Choate, Walter Hines Page, Mr. Kellogg of the Pact, General Dawes of the peculiar pipe. . . .

The chief room in the great building at Grosvenor Gardens is that which constitutes the sanctum and workshop of the Ambassador. This room was first occupied, I think, by Mr. Page, that devoted soul who literally gave his life during the War in his untiring efforts for understanding and goodwill between America and England. It is a quiet comfortable room and Mr. Mellon will have on the walls of this chamber the companionship of pictures of some of his predecessors, painted by famous artists. They are by men so diverse as Dana Gibson and de Laszlo.

So now there has come to London as Ambassador one of the greatest experts on International finance in the world, owner himself of fifty million pounds, equipped with special qualifications for understanding England and sent here by an American President who has himself lived in our midst.

Thus the arrival of Andrew Mellon is of world importance. What the outcome will be we cannot say yet, but we do hopefully remember that Mr. Mellon's whole attitude, pyschological and official, is one of deep sympathy with Britain.

C. T. K.

WASHINGTON

To Commemorate His Bi-centenary Year

America is celebrating this year the bi-centenary of George Washington, who was born in 1732 in Virginia, the colony to which gentlemen adventurers were attracted by the prospects of good estates managed by slave labour. His grandfather had left England for Virginia about fifty years before. George's father died young, leaving a large family not too well provided for, but George, at the age of fifteen, went to live with his half-brother, Lawrence, at Mount Vernon, the house which is enshrined in American hearts. There he was in the centre of Virginian society, enjoyed hunting, and access to books in the library.

Mount Vernon is a type of the stately Virginian house, with its pillared portico, a replica of the eighteenth-century house which still adorns our countryside, and had its well-kept garden, famous for its box hedges. Mrs. Washington, who was a wealthy young widow when Washington married her in 1759, was a keen housewife, superintending the making of the thousands of yards of homespun cloth which were made every year on the estate for the use of the slaves. Washington succeeded to the Mount Vernon estate and became one of the wealthiest men of the Southern States, keeping up a reputation for open-house hospitality.

Always interested in the study of war, he had gained experience, when quite a youth, by fighting the French who were pushing their forts along the Mississippi, and invading the British area of Ohio, and he had also fought with the ill-fated Braddock, when he was ambuscaded and his army shot down by unseen foes. Consequently, when the Colonies rebelled against the imposition of taxes by the British Parliament, Congress realized that Washington was the only man fit to be Commander-in-Chief. On July 3, 1775, on the common of the pleasant little town of Cambridge (famous as the home of Harvard University), Washington presented himself to the army, and, drawing his sword, took command.

The army which Washington commanded was raw and half-drilled, suffering at the same time from lack of all the necessaries of life, due to a parsimonious Congress, which passed grandiloquent resolutions on the rights of men, but provided scanty food, clothing, and pay for the army. The time of especial suffering was during the winter of 1777–78, when the army was in Valley Forge, keeping watch over Philadelphia.

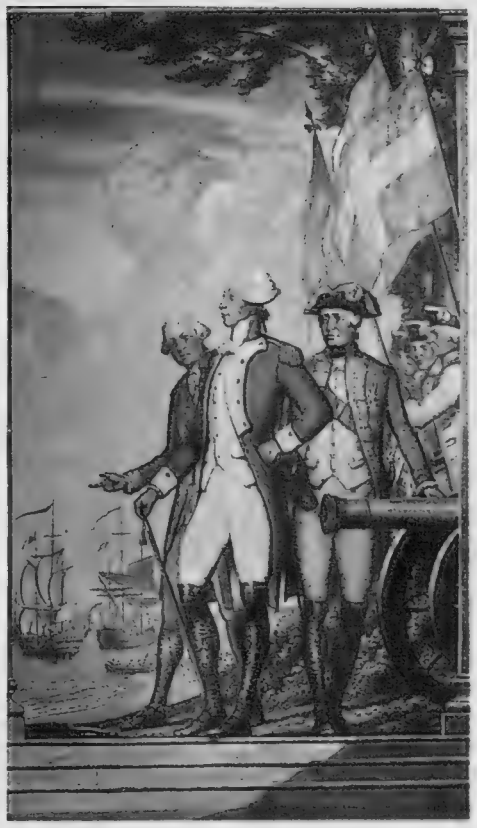
The banner chosen for the revolting colonies was the "Stars and Stripes," representing the thirteen colonies, which became the first States of America. Washington, who is shown standing under the new flag in one of the mural panels just presented to the United States National Museum, was remarkable for the dignity of his presence, his commanding height, and fine head. Without him the creation of the United States could not have been achieved. His cool judgment, strong sense of duty, combined with zeal and energy, won the victory; and he, alone, was capable of forcing Congress to do something more than make fine speeches.

Perhaps even Washington could not have produced victory had France not made an alliance with the new democracy, a fatal step for the French monarchy, for the new ideas of liberty leapt the ocean. The surrender of a British army at Saratoga gave the impetus to the French desire to annoy their late enemy who had punished them so severely during the Seven Years' War. Volunteers flocked over to America, the most memorable being Lafayette (the "Cromwell-Grandison of history," according to Carlyle), then an enthusiastic youth of twenty, who retained his admiration for Washington throughout the revolution in his own country, vainly trying to reproduce the American Constitution in France. Supplies were smuggled over, till at length the French fleet came to worry the British, hitherto in undisturbed control of the sea. De Grasse, the French admiral, by superior tactics was able to drive off the British in the Battle of Chesapeake Bay.

When peace was finally settled at Paris the army wished to make Washington the head of the United States, but Washington was for the constitutional method and he refused to leave Mount Vernon till called upon by the duly-elected Convention which met at Philadelphia to settle the destinies of the victorious colonies.

"VALLEY FORGE" BY DEANE KELLER: The setting on the Schuykill River, twenty miles from Philadelphia, in which Washington and his army of 10,000 men passed the winter of 1777–78 suffering greatly from privation and want. The area of some 500 acres is now a public park containing relics and memorials of the camp. This is one of the fourteen panels of heroic size donated by the National Society of Mural Painters for the Bi-centennial celebration

"WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY," BY ARTHUR COVEY: A striking example of the quasi-modern treatment of an heroic theme



"LAFAYETTE, ROCHAMBEAU, AND DE GRASSE," BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO: Three great French supporters of the Revolution

"WASHINGTON AND HIS FRIENDS AT MOUNT VERNON," BY J. MONROE HEWLETT: A formal scene that has caught the spirit of the eighteenth century

WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD—BY HILDRETH MEIÈRE: The markedly English atmosphere in which the Virginian *pater patriae* was reared is very apparent in this panel. Even the blacks—for the "Founder of Democracy," it must be remembered, was an owner of slaves—are not out of the English picture; so purely English a personality as Sam Johnson kept his negro servant, Francis

BY WILLOWY STREAMS

STIMULATED BY TARIFFS, the withe and basket-making industries of Somerset have taken on a new lease of life, as this picture from Burrowbridge proves

AN EEL TRAP: A Severn eel fisher at work on his "putcher"—a basket trap made from the withes that grow on the river bank—a view from Apperley

THE SEAT OF ALFRED—Athelney—is a centre of the withe industry, and bundles of osiers by the thousand are despatched to all parts of the world

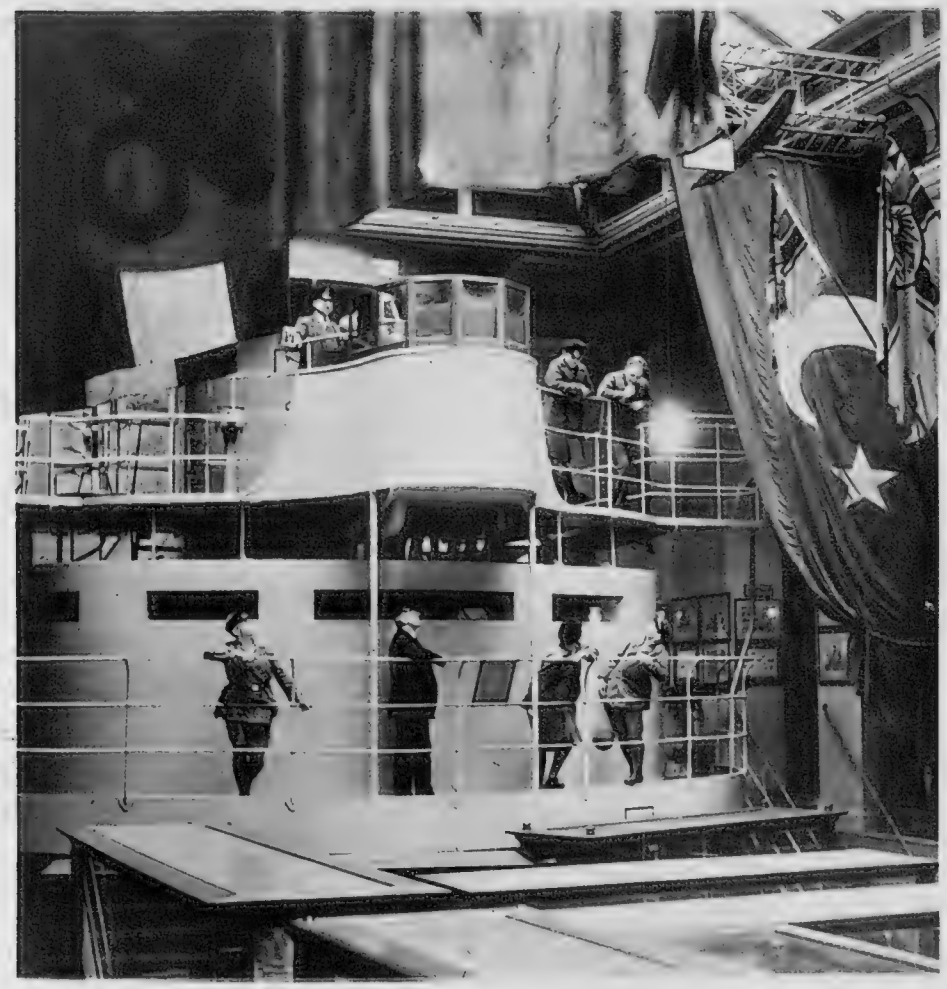
BENEVOLENT DESTRUCTION: Firing diseased willows in Essex (the wood is useless for firewood) under a Ministry of Agriculture order lest the watermarks disease spread. Cricket bats are in danger!

PREPARING FOR THE BOILING: Withes at Athelney being tied up in bundles ready for treatment

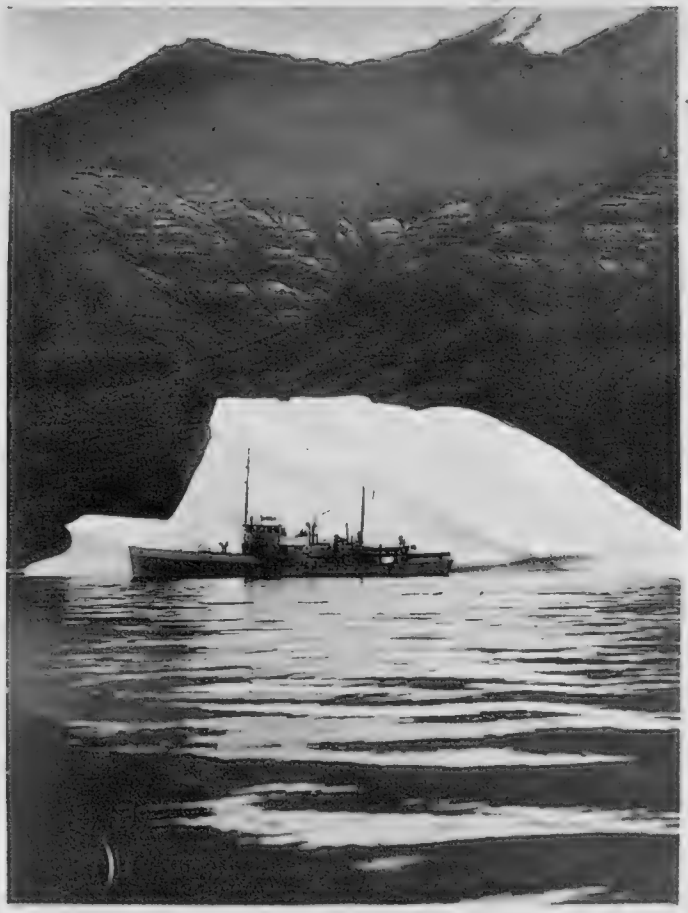
PERIL OF THE DEEP

AT THE MERCILESS MERCY OF THE TIDE: The Canadian National steamer, S.S. *Prince David*, ran, while progressing full speed ahead, on North East Breakers, off St. George, Bermuda. All members of the passengers and crew were taken off safely by S.S. *Lady Somers* of the same line, but the ship, seen above sinking by the stern, was battered to ruins. A poet once said that a helpless ship was the most tragic sight in the world

ICE THREATENS THE ATLANTIC STEAMER LANES: Owing to the presence of a great number of bergs in the North Atlantic, the steamer routes to New York have been moved sixty miles to the south, a customary operation in such circumstances. A fleet of small vessels belonging to the International Ice Patrol is engaged all the year round in keeping the ship-lanes clear of icebergs. A gigantic berg caught by a camera on board H.M.S. *Calcutta* in the Atlantic



A CHILDREN'S PARADISE: The fire-control tower of a battle-cruiser in the Marine Museum, Berlin, is open to visitors, and young ones climb all over it and work all manner of the signal devices that can be found on a real vessel



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION: This is not the picture of a vessel seen beneath a natural, if irregular, arch of rock but a view of the U.S. coastguard cutter, *Marion*, in Disko Bay, Greenland, with a large berg between ship and shore. S.S. *Marion* is attached to the International Ice Patrol, which helps to keep the ship-lanes clear of icebergs by means of explosives and thermit—the latter melting them

Where MAGICIANS Still Cast SPELLS

The Small Chinese State of Mengmao

THE BABY SAWBWA OF MENGMAO (on right) with his brother. In the background is their grandmother by adoption—the widow of Sawbwa Kan Kuo Fan

THE TEMPLE near Mengmao wherein the Pretender, Kan Kuo Chen, made his headquarters and whence the "magic" sortie, based on the efficacy of the figure nine, was made

NOTABILITIES OF MENGMAO: The widow of Kan Yin Feng, last Sawbwa of Mengmao, her daughter, and her brother, Sawbwa of Kanai, who is the acting Regent during his nephew's minority

On both sides of the frontier between Burma and the Chinese province of Yunnan are dozens of little semi-independent States, inhabited and ruled by Shans—a relic of the great Shan kingdoms which, 1,500 years ago, included practically the whole of Southern China, Indo-China, Burma, and Siam. At the present day, Siam is the only independent Shan kingdom left, but 1,000 years ago it was but a petty State compared with the great Mao kingdom whose capital was called Mengmao.

The glory of the Mao kingdom has departed, its territory has been encroached upon by its rapacious neighbours, till now it is but a small border State in China. Its capital has frequently been moved to a more auspicious spot, but for the past 600 years it has remained at its present site, where the original mud walls still encircle it.

During the Middle Ages the Chinese were gradually but continuously extending their power southwards, and 300 years ago they finally conquered Mengmao, and, as was their custom, established a trusted officer as ruler and peace-maker of the inhabitants. The chieftains they appointed were usually Chinese by race, for it was very rarely that they felt they could trust one of the conquered, but as chieftain or Sawbwa of Mengmao they set up a Shan whose family had rendered faithful service to the Chinese. It is with the descendants of this chieftain that our story deals.

The Shan States of Yunnan are practically unknown even by name to the outside world, and lying as they do entirely off the beaten track of tourists, very little has been written about them. Indeed, it is only a dozen or so Europeans who have ever travelled through them.

Until last year Mengmao was cut off from all wheeled communication with the outside world, all its traffic was on mules or ponies, but the Regent, having invested in a car, press-ganged the villagers to construct twenty miles of mud road, and so link up his capital during the dry season with a similar rough road leading from the Burma frontier to Mandalay. This was lucky for me, as I was thus enabled to visit Mengmao, to be entertained by the Sawbwa at his "palace," and to be the first white woman who has ever set foot within its walls.

We left the car outside the city gate and walked, escorted by a curious crowd, to the Haw or palace. The Shan men were plainly dressed in blue homespun coat and trousers, and wore a turban of the same material, but the women were far more picturesquely clad. The married women wore black skirts reaching to the ankles, black, blue, or white coats, and tall black turbans like drainpipes; the unmarried ones wore similar clothes save that the coat was always white, while their turban was low and broad, with their plaited hair coiled round outside.

At the door of the Haw we were received by the Sawbwa's womenfolk, who conducted us into the main inner courtyard and up some stone steps to the reception-room, which was open on the side facing the courtyard. It was furnished with a lovely old red and black lacquer table and chairs, while on the "Kang" or bed facing the courtyard were laid two long blue brocade mattresses. These were the seats of honour which we were begged to occupy.

The little chief was led in by his grandmother to greet us. He looked so tiny beside his grandmother, who was an enormous woman for a Shan, while the tall dark turban accentuated her height even more. The little boy stared at us gravely and showed no disposition to play or run about like a European child.

The little Sawbwa's uncle next appeared. He is himself Sawbwa of the larger State of Kanai, of which he has handed over the management to a younger brother, while he himself acts as Regent of Mengmao for his three-year-old nephew. He is not finding the post of Regent of Mengmao a very peaceful one, for a Pretender to the Sawbwaship has arisen and tried to secure the throne by force. The story of this episode is as follows:

Sawbwa Kan Kuo Fan died in 1928. Having no son, he had adopted as his heir the son of a woman who had once been his favourite mistress. By endless intrigues and bribery, the Chinese authorities were finally persuaded to recognize his adopted son, Kan Yin Feng, as the new Sawbwa. The letter of appointment did not however, reach Sawbwa Kan Yin Feng till after his death which occurred early in 1929. In the meantime, one Kan Kuo Chen had arisen and claimed, probably correctly, to be the sole living descendant of the Kan family—he traced his descent from a Sawbwa of a hundred years before—and hence the rightful Sawbwa. He obtained the support of several of the neighbouring Sawbwas and bribed the Chinese officials. But the Chinese government, which, like all Oriental Governments cannot acknowledge that it had made a mistake, had already issued its letter of recognition as Sawbwa to Kan Yin Feng.

The Pretender Kan Kuo Chen decided to make a bid for the throne, so in August 1929

THE EAST GATE: The authoress, Mrs. Beatrix Clerk, is in the foreground

he entered Mengmao State with an army of a hundred men. He hoped to seize the capital, for he knew that the Chinese are usually ready to acknowledge a *fait accompli* and might then recognise him as Sawbwa in place of the little boy.

He got to within four or five miles of Mengmao and camped in a monastery where he was surrounded by an army of a thousand men commanded by the Prime Minister of Mengmao.

The siege lasted for six weeks—a battle was fought in very much the same style as Agincourt: very few of the combatants carrying guns, but being armed with bows and arrows and with the long native knife or "Dah."

The little company inside were in desperate straits and on the verge of surrender when a Magician of War arose in the person of a Palaung. Now Palaungs are one of the aboriginal tribes which inhabit the mountains. They are gradually being absorbed by the Chinese and the Shans, but in the bazaars you can always distinguish the women in their picturesque tribal dresses. They are animists, and when one has lived for a long time in the jungle, one hesitates to laugh at the worship of the spirits of Nature. The closer one gets to Nature, and the farther from the busy artificial world, the more one is ready to believe that there are spirits living in the trees and rocks. Most men who have worked in the jungle will admit this if you can coax them to talk of their experiences in the solitude of the forests.

The Palaung magician said:

"It is the ninth day of the ninth month. I will charm nine men, myself among them, and we will rush out at the besiegers at the ninth minute of the ninth hour. No weapon will be able to harm us, and we shall rout the enemy, who will flee leaving nine men dead."

So he prepared nine charms of peppercorns and jungle herbs, and repeated the words of some potent charm over them. Then he gave these charms to the nine men selected for the sortie who ate them. Immediately their fear of the enemy left them, they itched to attack them, and exactly at the ninth minute of the ninth hour they rushed out, slashing right and left with their dahs, and uttering blood-curdling yells and threats. The army of the besiegers was far too terror-stricken to stand up to the nine men. They dropped their guns and fled in confusion. One or two did try to take aim at the nine charmed men, but their hands trembled so they missed them each time. It was true, they thought, the nine men were charmed and proof against bullet and steel, so they fled too.

And when the nine braves returned, tired out—for the charm had by then lost its efficacy—but without a scratch on their bodies, nine corpses lay on the field of battle, exactly as the Palaung Magician had predicted.

But their victory was the undoing of the Pretender's little army. Not only did they capture large stocks of ammunition from the Mengmao forces, but what they wanted even more—provisions. And so the little band gorged itself to make up for the weeks of privation and did not follow up its advantage. And gradually the little army dwindled away until the Pretender himself was forced to flee with the remnants to avoid capture by the Mengmao Army.

B. C.

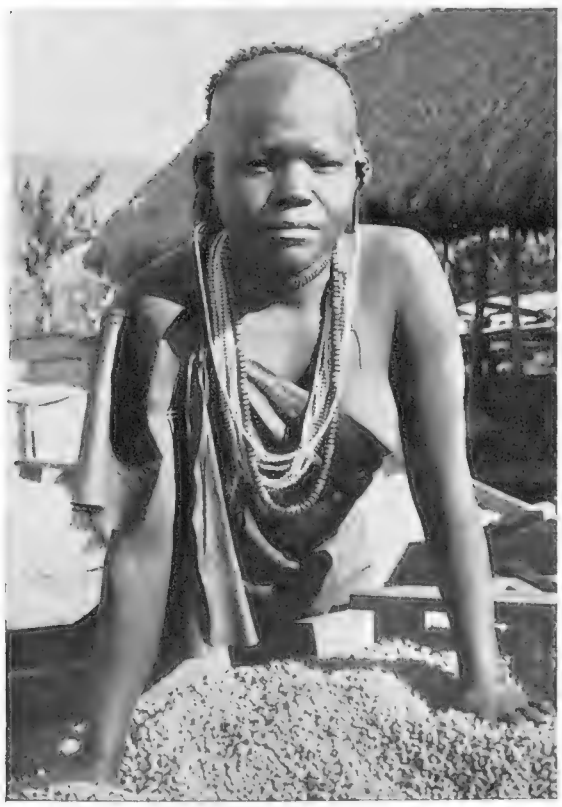
EAST AFRICA'S WARRIORS

And Their Wives

CAP-À-PIE: A Nandi warrior accoutred with spear, sword, shield, and knob-kerry, and crowned with the imposing head-dress

WARRIORS OF THE MERU: A study of two of these fighting natives who plait their hair into several cords and then plait the cords into two thick hair ropes which, falling over the brow, are joined into a single switch at the end which falls between the nose and the lips

AMAZONS OF THE KIKUYU: Two women of the Kenya tribe who chew roots to keep their teeth polished and wear agonizingly constricting copper armlets as amulets



Ewing Galloway

A WOMAN OF THE KIKUYU—a tribe whose great industry is the production of coffee. This woman with her fantastically mutilated and decorated ears is stirring beans in the drying yard

PREPARING FOR WAR—AGAINST THE KING OF BEASTS: Nandi warriors get their war equipment ready for a lion hunt. The Nandi are magnificent specimens whose chiefs enhance their fine stature with towering head-dresses of one kind or another. They rely entirely on native weapons to subdue and conquer even the fiercest of jungle beasts and wield them with commendable success

HEARING YOUR HEART is one of the fascinating amusements in the Post Office Department at Olympia. Other "gadgets" are emotion testers, X-ray devices, gramophone cut-outs, traffic signals, selector switches, telephones of various types and ages and a host of other attractions

THE HOME IDEAL

During the course of the year Olympia plays many parts. It is the scene of Bertram Mills's Circus, of the Royal Military Tournament, of an occasional prize fight, and of the Motor Show, among many other annual affairs. It was once the scene of a spectacular play; for the *Miracle*, now revived at the Lyceum, first saw the light of day in Addison Road. But of all the events held there I think the Ideal Home Exhibition is one of the most fascinating. Originated by Lord Northcliffe long before the War, it has gone from strength to strength. Each year the stands seem more solidly built, the window dressing is cleverer, the special features are more entrancing, and the higher the whole exhibition rises in the social scale.

I have only one complaint to make. There ought to be more guides or boy scouts or someone else to tell you how to get from one attraction to another. True the book of words tells you in detail, but unless you have had a lot of War-time experience in reading a map it is no easy matter to identify the exact spot where you may happen to be, or to make your way by the shortest possible route to any given point.

In the last three days I have visited and revisited Olympia four times and on each occasion discovered dozens of things I had missed previously. One ought really to have a season ticket to see it properly. It is a mixture of the Leipzig Fair and the Deutsches Museum at Munich, with an acre of lovely gardens, and flood-lighting worthy of Hamburg thrown in for good measure. As in the Deutsches Museum there is a section of the exhibition where you can play like a schoolboy at pressing buttons, pulling knobs, turning levers—just to see what happens. This is up in the Post Office Department. In a few minutes I saw my voice, heard my heart, tested my hearing, saw my bones, tested my emotions, rang a bell, and turned on a light by picking up a card, cut out the low notes on a gramophone record, examined the interior of a traffic signal, telephoned to myself, made a copper egg rotate, compelled two metal rings to support themselves in space, and caused blue sparks on the selector switch.

In doing this I was aided and abetted by Mr. W. R. Tyson, the chief engineer in charge. First of all I spoke to him over a thousand-mile circuit stretching from London to Glasgow by way of Edinburgh, Manchester, and Bristol back to a point three yards away from me, which would have cost 12s. 6d. in the ordinary way, but which you can do for nothing. Then we went to a map of Europe which showed all the repeating stations where your voice is amplified as it passes over the wire. There are twenty-eight of these between London and Sweden. There is even one at Rothenburg, the most old-fashioned town in the world. Such is science. And when you test this working model of a long-distance circuit, the lights representing the repeater stations on the call you have chosen are all illuminated. Next we saw our voices by holding a telephone receiver and looking into a black receptacle like an automatic machine on the pier at Brighton. Instead of a section of "Naughty Girls of Paris," however, you see your voice vibrating in green. The trick is to utter different vowel sounds and see the contrast in the patterns. They look rather like the "skeletons" one made at school by writing a name in ink and then folding the paper before it was dry. Nearby is the machine which enables you to hear your heart beat. And very odd and resounding it is.

There is also the emotion tester. You hold two electrical gadgets in your hands and then someone shouts in your ear, or gives you a dig in the ribs, or says, "You stole the Lindbergh baby." Whereupon a little white circle of light flutters along a metal frame. When Mr. Tyson received a jolt in the side from the girl attendant the light shot from zero to the 150 mark. When I did it, a yell only caused my light to move to 40. The Lindbergh baby question did not cause a tremor. But a query about income tax slid my light up to the 60 mark. I have not space for all the other experiments, but you should try cutting out the high notes or the low notes of a gramophone record. It is also great fun seeing if you can whistle high enough to illuminate only the top light of a series of electric bulbs.

You will be fascinated, too, by the spectacle of an automatic telephone apparatus doing its stuff before your eyes when you dial a number. Another exhibit is one of the original telephones of 1876. It is a clumsy wooden affair with a round hole which was both mouthpiece and receiver, and recalls the actual moment when Bell realized he had succeeded. He was in a cellar, and his assistant, Dr. Watson, was in the attic of a five-storey house, "I want you, Watson," he said on his home-made instrument. A moment later the steps of Dr. Watson pounding downstairs could be heard. "By God, I've done it," shouted Bell. Here, too, you can see the ivory and gold telephone exchange which Lord Rothschild used to have in his house. It is very opulent-looking. What is also good fun is the interior of a traffic signal light. In future, when you sit fuming in your car at the corner of Orchard Street and Oxford Street waiting for the "Go" light, you may pass the time by thinking of the three little tubes of mercury which, tilting up and down and causing a contact, produce the green, yellow, or red light.

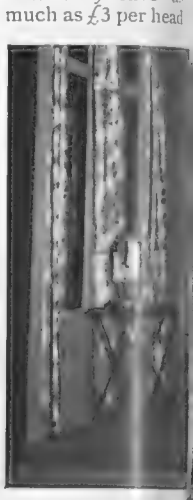
More than a quarter of a million pounds' worth of Post Office material is shown at Olympia in this section. You might argue that none of these exhibits bears any relation to the commercial side of life. You would be wrong. The rotating egg, for example, embodies the principle of the induction engine. The various tests to which you have submitted yourself are all essential to the working of the telephone service—though, of course, in a different way. As a sales force, too, this depart- ment is pulling its weight. Any number of telephone installations are sold every day, and on Wednesday an inquiry came through for 500 telephone kiosks at £50 a time from a foreign country. The latest kiosks, by the way, are the design of Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect of Liverpool Cathedral. A versatile man, if you like.

But now come with me and inquire about water-softeners. That is one of the joys of the Exhibition. Great Portland Street is full of motor-car shops, and so in a few minutes, if you want a motor-car, you can see a dozen varieties there. But there is no street yet where you can walk in and out of water-softener manufacturers. But you can at Olympia. I have picked a water-softener for two good reasons. One is that I intended to buy one myself. The other is that they are a good illustration of how swiftly times move. Four years ago there were less than a dozen water-softeners in private houses through-out Great Britain. Knole and Stoneleigh Abbey were two of the first. To-day they are being sold by the thousand.

The truth of the matter is that they save you a lot of money. One of the salesmen asserted that they save as much as £3 per head per annum in a house. The water boils (he said) more quickly when it is soft; hence a drop in the cost of gas, electricity, or coal. Less tea and coffee are needed (he said) when you use soft water, (I forget why, but it sounded convincing). No soda is needed in the house. You use less soap and fewer plumbers and goodness knows what else. The man next door was equally moving on the subject of refrigerators, but having one already, I remained impervious (though only just). He said that about 15,000 are sold every year in this country to householders and flat dwellers. Ten years ago there were less than a dozen in private use throughout Great Britain. Central heating and flats are the cause of this terrific increase. Even now, he observed sadly, we are not sufficiently refrigerator-conscious as a nation.

"People say that England is surely cold enough without refrigerators," he went on. "They don't realize that buying a refrigerator is like laying down a good cellar. It is an investment of health. Food deteriorates at an incredible speed when in a tempera-ture over fifty degrees, and the pantries of most flats and houses are kept at a tem-perature of sixty. When I've explained all this to them, they ask how often they will want the iceman."

THE TOWER OF LIGHT dominates the gigantic hall and, fittingly enough, forms the central device of the Exhibition



THE TWO-IN-ONE organization devel... for two ...

On left—PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S HOUSE is so densely thronged that approach is difficult. It is not only — or even mainly — frequented by children!

HOUSES GALORE: The "road"

Where shall we go now? There is such a queue round Princess Elizabeth's little house that it seems hardly worth while waiting, marvellous though its interior is. But the Minimum Flat is worth visiting. Here you see how you can furnish a complete flat for £100 and still have £7 2s. 8d. over.

To furnish the kitchen costs £11 7s. 5d.; to furnish the bedroom costs £27 9s. 6d.; to furnish the hall costs £2 17s. 6d.; to furnish the sitting-room costs £31 10s. 9d.; to furnish the dining-room costs £19 12s. 2d.

A Tramp Round Olympia

with

CHARLES GRAVES

THE REVOLVING stage is used at Olympia as well as in the theatre. This is enshrined in a specially constructed theatre wherein mannequins display the latest modes. A bridal procession is a great feature of the Fashion parade

A few yards away are the two-in-one rooms. This is another excellent idea invented, naturally enough, by a woman. Mrs. Darcy Braddell, arguing that Economy (the modern spelling of Necessity), is the Mother of Invention, came to the conclusion that it was possible to make a large room much more attractive by making it fill a dual function than by cutting it up into two small uncomfortable ones. She has certainly succeeded. The bedroom-boudoir sounds as much more attractive than a bed-sitting room as it looks.

I asked the girl who was in charge of it what questions people asked her.

"They first want to know where the bathroom is," was the reply, "and when I have shown the place where it is they want to know where they can hang their clothes. It never occurs to them that besides the concealed cupboards, the whole of the fourth wall —which is absent here as on the stage, can be requisitioned for that."

To judge by the kitchen-dining-room, sinks are going to be smarter this year. Mrs. Braddell has "made quite a hero of it," to use her own words—all picked out in delicate pastel shades. Something to be quite proud of, in fact. The one-roomed flat is ideal,

ROOM: One of the series of "boudoir-bedrooms"—a type of home-ed by Mrs. Darcy Braddell who found that one room of fair size used poses was more attractive than two separate rooms made from it

too, for the professional woman. Large cupboards form a bed-recess. A specially hinged flap above the bath makes a good table for cooking. There is also a sun-porch.

"I suppose it is because of last summer," said the girl in charge, "but very few of the public seem to know what a sun-porch is, or what it can be used for."

The last day I was there, the man's bed-sitting room at once attracted Lord Lonsdale. He has nothing as snug as that in Lowther Castle, and was swiftly photographed before he had time to emerge from it. Here a young man was in charge. Dressed in an elegant silk dressing-gown, he lounged and read a book. All over Olympia people are reading books. There is a girl who is moved up and down in a chair all day to show the power of some kind of suction. She reads. There are girls resting on divans, sitting on chairs, leaning against cushions. They are all reading. Any enterprising publisher would have snapped up the chance and given them books from his own authors to display negligently to the public.

Authors, however, are treated very well at Olympia already. The novelists' gardens are a pretty idea prettily carried out. They are brought tangibly to life from the pages of J. B. Priestley, Maurice Hewlett, Warwick Deeping, Sir Philip Gibbs, E. F. Benson, Clemence Dane, and Katharine Tynan among others. I did not actually see the two hundred real butterflies which I was told were to be observed flut tering around. But even they were hardly necessary, the illusion is so complete. There is real turf, real heather, real trees, real azaleas, rhododendrons, carnations, and geraniums.

One of the best is Lady Dedlock's garden from Bleak House—a terrace garden, you may remember, with broad walks, smooth turf, the old stone pedestal of the sun dial, the fountain, the sweet smell of limes, and presently "one lighted window that might be my mother's." Mrs. Gaskell's "Moorland Cottage" yields the garden of the Court with its flaxinellas, tall white lilies, little creeping scented roses, straggling honeysuckle, and yellow cistus. The firm who constructed this is also responsible for the garden of Princess Elizabeth's little house. I only regret that I missed the display of orchids illustrating "The Odyssey of an orchid hunter." It is said to contain some of the rarest and most curious examples extant.

Ten years ago I met Arthur Weigall, the archæologist, at dinner. The topic of what to do with one's son was being discussed in the newspapers at the time. I asked him what he thought the best career.

"Plumbing," was the answer.

Everyone laughed.

"I mean it," he said. "But plumbing de luxe, of course. We have reached that stage in our evolution which immediately precedes a national desire for baths and bathrooms of increasing magnificence. Look at the Romans and the Greeks. Now it is our turn. Any clever young man with good connections and a gift for salesmanship ought to be able to make his fortune in the next twenty years by selling baths, and all that go with them, to rich people."

How right he was. Ten years ago there were probably 200 bathrooms in the whole country of which their owners were proud. To-day, people spend almost as much on them as they do on their boudoirs. The old oval white bath on four spindly legs is disappearing fast. I did not see a single example of it at Olympia, though any firm would supply one if you wanted it. No, baths are oblong, solid, and with square corners. They are green, orange, blue, yellow. They are sunk into the tiles. The taps do not rust. They are visions of beauty. Those people who have to have geysers to heat the water will find that even the geysers, by some miracle of design, are not unattractive in appearance and are all as safe as many of them were unsafe fifteen years ago.

If any foreigner had only four hours in which to prepare an article on England, he could not do better than to visit Olympia. He would discover that we, as a nation, no longer live uncomfortably. Country houses may still be draughty. But that is why so many of their owners, who have been forced to shut them down because of taxation, feel so much less regret than they expect on moving to quarters which are smaller, but enable them to live ideally as far as comfort is concerned.

If only our country hotel proprietors, too, would visit Olympia and decide to buy anything from furniture to grates. With this Come to Britain movement combined with the Ideal Home Exhibition, they have a grand opportunity. Attractive carpets, attractive fire-places, attractive arm-chairs (comfortable arm-chairs are only about fifteen years old), attractive lampshades, tables, chairs, divans, sofas—they can see them all at Olympia. Attractive china is another point they could do well to inspect. That is one of the greatest advances, artistically, in the last few years. You can get such good cheap china.

There is a complete china section this year. The plates and saucers are immeasurably superior to anything that was manufactured at the same price ten years ago. There is even china jewellery—and very charming it is. China brooches and china clips are likely to have a vogue that will make the city of Worcester as prosperous as ever it was.

What fun it would be to see, let us say, the 1908 Ideal Home Exhibition — one of the earliest held—in all its Edwardian solidity! There would be sniggers at the baths, the antimacassars, the gas brackets, and at a host of other things. Even an old catalogue would probably make one laugh.

We should suddenly realize what uncomfortable lives we lived, how seldom we took baths, how inaccurate the phrase of "the good old days" really is. By the same token one is compelled to presume that in twenty years' time we shall be laughing at the Exhibition of 1932, wondering why the latest thing in television sets was not in a prominent part of Olympia, astounded that every bath was not automatically equipped with a shower, amazed that water-softeners were still only selling in fifties instead of thousands, amused that our beds and mattresses had hardly altered for fifty years, and that combined wireless sets and gramophones were still in their infancy.

on view at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. These houses are not only for sale but they can be put up within a few weeks. One, in fact, can be erected for a few hundreds within seven days

ALL TIMBER: A house in the Tudor Street which recalls the architecture of the Cape Dutch

(Continued on p. 122)

OPENING the EYES o

A New Movement in

Ewing Galloway

THE RECLINING BUDDHA AT PEGU is 80 ft. long and 41 ft. high at the shoulder. This is one of the many huge images of Gautama in Pegu, Burma — possibly the colony most disobedient to his injunction that images of him should not be set up after his death

CHAMUNDA RAYA, a contemporary of Buddha, who dedicated his life and learning to the redemption of the world in the same way. The colossal statue was put up in 60 B.C. in Beljola, South India, and has been rubbed with oil every twenty-five years to preserve it. The wise man is—according to the Buddhistic ideal of other-worldly contemplation—so deep in thought that he does not notice the liana entwining round him, nor the ant-heap (at his right hand)

Amid a babel of voices speaking in the tongues of India, Ceylon, Siam, China, Japan, Tibet, Cambodia, and Burma, but all professing the one great religion of Gautama Buddha, the magnificent new Vihara (temple) was opened recently at Sarnath, United Provinces, a few miles away from Benares—the sacred city of the Hindus. For many days Buddhists of all nations had been converging in a great pilgrimage to Sarnath, the thrice-blessed spot where, 2,500 years ago, the founder of their religion preached his first sermon and obtained his first five disciples.

After nearly 800 years of oblivion, Holy Isipatana (or modern Sarnath) has returned to the hands of its legitimate owners. To-day the ruins of this famous spot at which a mighty religion was first conceived, are guarded by the Mulagandhakuti Vihara, wherein now lie the precious relics. Here, also, the Mahabodhi Society intend to establish a Buddhist University and an international institute where scholars from foreign countries will be able to carry on research work in different branches of Buddhism.

Widespread interest throughout the world has been aroused by this effort to restore its ancient dignity to the birthplace of Buddhism, and various Governments have participated in the movement.

The Government of India, for example, has handed over a priceless relic found in a group of chapels near Taxila by Sir John Marshall and consisting of a vase in which is an inscribed silver scroll and a small gold casket containing some minute relics of the bones of Buddha.

The fact that they are in very minute pieces need not cause surprise for, after cremation, the bone relics of the prophet were first divided among the eight chiefs of the country and subsequently removed from the original *Stupas* (shrines) to be deposited in the new shrines built by Asoka.

THE ELEVEN-HEADED "KWANNON": Near the gre of the "Great Buddha," an eleven-headed "Kwa Japan's most important wood-carver Kadoi-san eyes of the Great Buddha," the image was intr who were clad in historic clothing. The mighty Nagoya is seen in this view. By an ancient

THE RUINS OF SARNATH with the great *stupa* i the foreground and the white pinnacle of th new Vihara on left

the GREAT BUDDHA

Lofty Faith of the East

Japanese Industrial town of Nagoya a wooden statue
n," was solemnly unveiled. The statue was created by
er five years' work. In a "feast of the opening of the
ced to the outside world by the priests and the artist,
ad in the studio of the artist in the Kakuosan near
the artist works in clothing of the style of Tempyo

THE NEW VIHARA erected at Sarnath, near Benares, where a great reunion of Buddhism has recently been held

Ewing Galloway

RENOUNCING THE WORLD: The gigantic four-faced Buddha, built largely of brick, at Kyaikpun, near Pegu. The downcast hand represents Gautama's gesture of renunciation. The decadence of Buddhist art from the Greek ideal is clearly to be seen

Other gifts received for the temple include: A silver amloka fruit from the Governor of the United Provinces. Two sets of Tripitakas (or Buddhist scriptures) in Pali, from the King of Siam. Eight thousand volumes from China. The Japanese Consul in Calcutta has arranged for a Japanese artist to paint the frescoes of the Vihara.

Meanwhile, as a direct result of the newly-aroused enthusiasm for the religion of Buddha, the Nepalese Government has instructed its archæological department to take immediate measures to rehabilitate and protect Buddha's birthplace at Kapilavastu, which has been eternally memorialised by Asoka's pillar.

Buddhist priests officiating at the opening of the new Vihara spoke with emotion of their hopes for the religion which has spread throughout Asia, and embraces many millions of its peoples, whilst their eyes glistened as they outlined their plans to extend Buddhism throughout the East.

The opening of the new Vihara marks, in some measure, the beginning of a new era in the history of Buddhism, for the two distinct camps, which have existed since the second century A.D., have been drawn more closely together. The inaugural ceremony witnessed a unity which, apart from international conferences, has been unknown in India for eighteen centuries.

The architecture of the temple conforms to the original style, and the main tower is 110 ft. high. The only image of Buddha in the preaching attitude, which has been placed in the shrine, was made in the Jaipur School of Art, after the model of the image in the Sarnath Museum.

IN WHITE SOAPSTONE: A correspondent writing from Tenqueh, Upper Burma, has just seen this view of a brand new Buddha, seated on a bullock cart, and will be dragged round by pious Buddhists, accompanied by monks in saffron yellow robes, before being installed in its shrine. The image was made in Mandalay and sent 400 miles by steamer up the River Irawadi to Bhamo, the principal town on the Frontier

M. JAN WELZL whose autobiography has just been published by Allen and Unwin under the title of *Thirty Years in the Golden North*. A Moravian, born in '70, M. Welzl has been sailor, railwayman, super-tramp, whaler, docker, Siberian settler, and social lion

BOOKS: A Grand Duke who can Write: Dr. Renier's Acid Persists: Chesterton on Everything but Chaucer: Benson on the Brontes

By CECIL ROBERTS

There is a certain energetic lady in New York who runs a luncheon club that specializes in celebrities. They are gathered together and set in a row at a high table. In front of a thousand women she introduces the visiting novelists, poets, psychopaths, divines, explorers, soldiers and statesmen. Each has been warned that he must perform for three minutes. Like an obedient dog he goes through his hoop and returns to his pedestal amid a round of applause. I do not think any one of the performers, drawn to that circus of curious women who find a kind of nourishment in gazing on celebrities in the land where celebrity worship is a powerful cult, realizes for one moment that his glory is to be shared with a multi-coloured clan drawn from all quarters of the earth. He is, indeed, astonished to find that he is not the most famous man in America, as he has been led to believe, that he is really nothing more than a mere diversion or comic turn for Americans with jaded palates. But the organizing lady is very skilful and persuasive. She is a perfect judge of the exact degree of flattery or appreciation that must be shown to trap the lion, and it is only fair to her and to her splendid hospitality to say that she gives probably more than she receives. Her luncheon party is a gateway to publicity.

One day the star performer, amid some fifty celebrities, was a Russian Grand Duke. He was of imposing stature and bearing. I had watched with mingled amusement and disgust the tremendous and eager curtsies of the American ladies before this scion of the house of Romanoff, and had suddenly realized that the thirst of America for Royal blood is almost as strong as its thirst for drink. The Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, then embarking on a lecture tour, was certainly filling a great need in the lives of these women. His French secretary, observing their almost religious ecstasy as they advanced towards royalty, remarked, *sotto voce* "Ah, once more he is a very grand Duke." I looked for tears in his eyes and found only a Gallic smile.

As for the Grand Duke, he appeared to me completely bewildered. His address, on *The Religion of Love*, so much of it as was tangible from difficulty with English speech, expressed his bewilderment, not only with America but with life in general. Later, when I heard that a Florida hostess had rung up the lecture agent from whom she had hired the Grand Duke, and threatened to cancel the lecture if he went to tea with a rival hostess, thus infringing her exclusive possession of the royal presence, I felt sorry for this big, bewildered man without a country.

The impression he created upon me was certainly unfortunate. I felt it was below an ex-Duke's dignity to hire himself out to yawping crowds and rich snobs, although he might retort that half the British aristocracy are willing to sell their faces, and the intimate details of their boudoirs, for a face-cream advertisement. And now I must revise all my opinions of the Grand Duke Alexander after reading *Once a Grand Duke* (Cassell. 15s.). Here is a book written with considerable literary charm and ability, in which the Grand Duke Alexander, or the ex-Grand Duke, as he is careful to style himself, narrates his life's story. It is a record which covers the widest changes of fortune.

From the highest, proudest heights it descends to the depths, with everything lost except honour and courage. The cousin and brother-in-law of the Czar, he lived in the Court circle in the days of its splendour. He was a child when he saw his first war, and watched the Russian soldiers file past to fight the Turks. A colonel at eleven, he had to review his regiment. "Remember you have to look cheerful and pleased, no matter how tired you feel," said his father. Even then in the small boy's brain there arose the distaste for organized humbug. Later, the cousin of the Tsar, and the uncle of the Crown Prince of Germany, was to have good cause for wondering at the insanity of war. He writes kindly and pathetically of the Tsar. Here was a timid, indeterminate man with none of the qualities demanded in a ruler. "Nicholas could have deceived an Oxford professor into mistaking him for an Englishman, and possessed a similar command of German and French. But that was all. The rest of his knowledge consisted of loose bits of information never to be of any practical use in his future life." His wife, the Tsarina had her life darkened by the hæmophilia of her son. In despair she turned to the quack, Rasputin. The Court was undermined by his influence, although the Tsar ignored him.

This is an outspoken book by a man with decided views. He shatters reputations and theories with a blow, and even if personal bias is here and there discernible, his deductions are always forcible. Regarding the origin of the Great War, he believes "the conflict was caused by the Anglo-German rivalry for economic supremacy of the world, and by the combined efforts of the military cliques." He believes the British Government could have averted the War by a prompt declaration of its readiness to stand by France and Russia. "The British Empire went to war not because of its holy respect for the inviolability of international treaties but on account of its bitter feelings toward Germany. Had Asquith been less of a lawyer and more of an outspoken humanitarian, no war would have been declared by Germany on August 1, 1914." But the Grand Duke completely contradicts himself by saying, "Had it not been for the assassination of the Archduke, another pretext of equally abysmal cynicism would have been chosen by the international champions of war. The Kaiser naturally wanted to 'have it over' before the completion of the Russian Military Programme of 1917." This statement makes the Kaiser the villain of the piece and acquits Asquith. Naturally, on the treatment of Russia the Grand Duke is bitter. Paris was saved at the cost of the decimation of the Russian Army, he states, but the bitterness is also present in his criticism of the forces operating at home. "Churchill was the only European statesman who realized the great danger of Bolshevism." This tribute to Churchill; but he charges Balfour with dedicating "many years of his life to the business of fostering quarrels between Berlin and London." That, of course, is fantastic, and pays Balfour's influence on pre-War politics too powerful a tribute.

At the close of this provoking, vigorous, and absorbing book the Grand Duke returns to his religion of love, which appears a nebulous substitute for Christianity. He has no bitterness nor has he lost hope. From his own pages the Grand Duke emerges a thoughtful, tolerant man. "I regret nothing. I am not discouraged. The hands of my grandchildren will stretch further and may reach a better world." It requires courage to think that amid the ashes of a world that has gone down in flames.

We are with royalty again in Dr. G. J. Renier's *The Ill-fated Princess* (Davis. 8s. 6d.). This is a life of Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, and covers the years 1796–1817. She was of importance only in so far as it seemed that she might eventually succeed to the British throne. She might have become queen in 1830, and there would have been no Victorian era. The mind jibs at the thought. This unfortunate daughter of a flighty mother and of an obese blackguard, George, Prince of Wales, son of an insane father, suffered from the persecution of her father, who virtually made her a prisoner, and tried to force her into a marriage with the Prince of Orange. She revolted at the last moment, and later married Prince Leopold, and died at twenty-one in childbirth. Her last days at Claremont were happy. She was killed by her doctor, who bled, purged, and under-fed her, that being the fashionable treatment of the day. The disconsolate Prince Leopold spent his days in boredom and idleness at the great house, planting exotic plants and drizzling.

Drizzling? Yes, it was a pastime brought to England by needy royalist refugees. "For hours, for deadly hours, the tall Prince with the most solemn earnestness bending over his elegant tortoiseshell drizzling box, carefully picked thread after thread out of dirty cast-off silver galloons as earnestly as if his task had been to unravel the threads of Fate." Then, on Princess Victoria's eleventh birthday he presented her with a silver soup-tureen, bought with the proceeds of his drizzling, after which he went to rule the Belgians. Later he was to be instrumental in providing the Queen of England with a husband, the story of which can be followed in Mr. Bolitho's *Albert the Good*. This book forms a preamble to that biography.

Dr. Renier is a safe guide. He does not distort his facts or invent dialogues for his subjects. He is an honest artist, but it is time he deserted the sub-acid tone that brought him into notice with his lively *The English: Are They Human?* In that book he extracted all the amusement at our expense by his mockery of the tribal god we are supposed to worship. If he wishes to be taken as a serious writer he would be wise to drop that comic rôle.

This well-written study reveals how far we have advanced from the time when these futile royalties were of political importance. Their marriages and intrigues for thrones, their tremendous importance in the political dispensation of Europe, have now a preposterous air. One thing the Great War certainly achieved, it blew away this royalty business with scheming politicians, cheering mobs, and clanking armies.

The chief attraction of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's writing for me is that he can safely be trusted never to keep to his subject. Here he presents us with a lively study *Chaucer* (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) which is at the same time a history of Medieval England, a pamphlet for the Catholic Truth Society, an enquiry into eugenics, democracy, trade unionism, and the Guilds, valuations of Dante, Pope, Burns and T. S. Eliot, in fact everything upon which the agile mind of our acrobatic philosopher can alight, upside down if possible. And yet we know Mr. Chesterton cannot fail to be arresting and illuminating. He has taken Chaucer and turned him from an old fogey into an enterprising young man of affairs. "If I were writing this in French, as I should be if Chaucer had not chosen to write in English . . ." thus begins Mr. Chesterton with an arresting statement, which he proceeds to amplify with bewildering scholarship and richness of example throughout the remaining three hundred pages.

This book happens to say something about Chaucer; he is the excuse for much that the author wants to

(Cont. on p. 122)

RECOMMENDED LIST

"Windjammer," by SHAW DESMOND (Hutchinson. 15s. net); "Metternich," by ARTHUR HERMAN (Allen and Unwin. 16s. net); "Victorian Days and Ways," by MARK PERUGINI (Jarrolds. 15s. net); "Tom-Toms in the Night," by ATTILIO GATTI (Hutchinson. 16s. net); "Great Love Stories of All Nations" (Harrap. 8s. 6d. net); "My Diaries," by WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. Cheap edition (Secker. 12s. 6d. net).

Fiction

"Life and Adventures of Aloysius O'Callaghan," by T. WASHINGTON-METCALFE (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net); "Dark Rosaleen," by MARJORIE BORDEN (Collins. 7s. 6d. net).

THE SCENE OF *DIRTY WORK*: Mr. Robertson Hare (who lost his Cameron Carr, Mr. Ralph Lynn, Miss Joan Brierley, Miss Marjor his A TALK ON SALESMANSHIP delivered by the shop-walker ("washe Joa Lynn, to two assistants—Miss

PLAYS: A far from "Miltonic" Othello: A Sawdust Play of the Sawdust Ring: "Musical Chairs" Amuse: "The Heart Line" Leads to Bedlam

By PHILIP PAGE

Typical of the twentieth century theatre as opposed to the nineteenth is the tendency of certain of those whom one would not class as Shakesperean players to "have a cut at the Bard." Sometimes the Bard well-nigh perishes under a rain of cuts of more sorts than one. Bernard Shaw dealt in one of his Prefaces with the Actor and Shakespeare (which not infrequently developed into Actor *versus* Shakespeare) question as it existed when he was a young man.

"The careers of Keen, Macready, and Irving," he wrote, "ought to have produced a crop of heroic plays comparable in intensity to those of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides: but nothing of the kind happened. These actors played the works of dead authors, or, very occasionally, of live poets who were hardly professional playwrights. Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer Lytton, Wills, and Tennyson produced a few glaringly artificial high-horses for the great actors of their time; but the playwrights proper, who really kept the theatre going, and were kept going by the theatre, did not cater for the great actors; they could not afford to compete with a bard who was not of an age but for all time, and who had, moreover, the overwhelming attraction for the actor-managers of not charging author's fees."

Now, it will be seen, something like the converse has happened, though I would not be impolite enough to suggest that only minor actors play Shakespeare. Mr. Ernest Milton, for instance, is by no means a minor actor; though he has not in him that quality which would make him "the onlie begetter" of a play on heroic lines. He can play Pirandello rarely. He has, by means of intelligence and a strangely arresting personality, made a success in a variety of modern character parts. There are certain nooks and crannies of Shakespeare which suit him. But I venture to think he is even less fitted to play Othello than was Mr. Charles Laughton to play Mr. Pickwick.

These matters are not only ones of physical disability; indeed, in the case of Mr. Laughton, who is plump of face and rotund as to the waist-line, this question did not enter, for he would have been an excellent Pickwick had Pickwick been a Chinese torturer or a Chicago gangster in the toils of dope. The late Lewis Waller was a shortish man of undistinguished appearance in a lounge suit, who could sweep one away with flashing eye and thumping of the breast the moment he got his legs out of trousers and his teeth into stage heroics. Besides, Waller always remembered what Mr. Milton does not remember — or has chosen to forget—namely, that whatever intellectual alarms and excursions are going on behind one's forehead when playing Shakespeare, it is essential to give the words their full beauty. Shakespeare and Milton should, on the face of it, be a partnership resulting in a positive orgy of verbal loveliness. At the St. James's Theatre this partnership has brought forth no such delights.

his moustache), Miss Constance Carpenter, Miss Enid Maby, Mr. Corbett, and Miss Ethel Coleridge, in the jeweller's shop. *Above*—his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water") Mr. Ralph Joan Brierley and Marjorie Corbett

The St. James's Desdemona, Miss Lydia Sherwood, suggested that she had been expensively educated, could fight a forlorn hope in any Parliamentary constituency and win, and knew practically all there is to know about the art of acting, save only the art of acting Desdemona. When the play is *Othello* that is an unfortunate predicament for Miss Sherwood who is, let me add, an actress many of whose performances I have enjoyed in the past. Mr. Henry Oscar's Iago was sound rather than subtly wicked. Why does not Mr. Milton play Iago—that would be well worth seeing—and let Mr. Oscar have a shot at Othello?

Perhaps the best performance of all was Mr. Nicholas Hannen's Cassio—a blunt, sincere soldier to the life. Mr. McKnight Kauffer's *décor* was so good that I regretted not having been able to see more of it, owing to insufficient lighting. There are grounds for supposing that the sun sometimes shines in Italy and that not all Shakespeare's plays are intended to take place in the dark.

I did not see this piece in its original French, and so I am unable to speculate as to the reasons which induced sundry optimistic people to translate it into English and produce it at the Lyric Theatre. But there is very little else in *The Heart Line* about which to speculate, except the means employed to give such smooth working to the most realistic lift I have ever seen on any stage. This lift led to a Paris office, to which it brought a lady in fancy costume. The occupants (male) of the office fall in love with her. But she had a friend, similarly clad, and both were masked.

The fun was, I gather, that the man could not distinguish between them. Since one girl was played by Miss Ann Todd and the other by Miss Jeanne de Casalis, than whom no two actresses are more utterly unlike, that fun did not, it may be imagined, amount to much. Both did admirably in difficult circumstances, and good performances came also from Mr. Maurice Evans and Mr. Milton Rosmer, who, as the husband of one of the fancifully-dressed, strove nobly, and not without success, to put some semblance of true comedy into this strange piece of work, which had, none the less, some quite amusing moments. With more of these one would not have worried so much over the play's apparent pointlessness.

The Queen's Theatre is the place where *Caravan* has rested; but it will have to be polished up a good deal—new windows put in, the brass-work given some extra glitter, and, above all, much more smoke and fire in the little stove—if *Caravan* is to rest there for any considerable time.

The Germans know all about circuses, and a large percentage of circus performers have for generations been Germans; but that does not necessarily mean that they can write successful plays about circuses. If it has not lost much by the adaptation, this play by Carl Zuckmayer is a dullish business.

I must admit that I am not one of those to whom the sight of the circus ring and the smell of the sawdust bring a mysterious thrill. I envy Mr. C. B. Cochran and Laura Knight, A.R.A. (whose settings and dresses here are, of course, perfect) a passion for tents and clowns and what not which I might have possessed had I not, in the course of five-and-twenty years of professional attendance on the circus's near relation, seen so many plays concerned with circus life which have failed dismally. Indeed, *The Circus Girl*, that musical comedy of the long ago, was one of the few successes, if not the only one.

Caravan would, in any event, have to stand on its merits as an entertainment rather than on the "lovable" atmosphere of the condition and persons with which it deals, an atmosphere which is, as I have hinted, reserved for the appreciation of the lucky few. As it stands, the charm, though its presence can be realized, is hardly sufficient for the slow-moving story and the incredibility of the actions of some of the protagonists.

An old circus proprietor, who worships his job so much that he finds an analogy between circuses and the celestial bodies, has a daughter, Katie, who falls in love with a farmer. It breaks the old man's heart. But Katie's love for the farmer was not very deep, for she gives him up and sells the wedding-ring to help the circus troupe. A simple enough story in itself. Yet padded out with a hardly tolerable amount of Teutonic symbolism, written, I fear, in most pompous vein.

A circus tragedy is in itself no more striking than an insurance office tragedy or a tube station tragedy or an ironmonger's shop tragedy. The quality of the drama is the thing, not the so-called romanticism of its surroundings, on which in this case so much sloppy wordiness has been expended.

Without acting which was, for the most part, very fine indeed, *Caravan* might have been something of an ordeal. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke has now reached a position on the stage

A QUESTION OF BAGS! Mr. Ralph Lynn, who in *Dirty Work* brings his sublime fatuity to the part of a shop-walker in a jeweller's shop, introduces a new line in hand-bags to a customer played by Mr. Cameron Carr in the Wallis-less but still amusing farce at the Aldwych

in which, even if he made a peck of mistakes, 98 per cent. of his public would acclaim him as wonderful. As Mr. Hardwicke never *does*, in my opinion, make a mistake, that is a situation with which I am not disposed to quarrel. He is a fine actor and he even made, as the aged proprietor, those long orations about the circus fairly interesting. An aged clown is a useful figure for sentimentality, and an aged clown played by Mr. O. B. Clarence is irresistible. Miss Maisie Gay, strange but welcome discovery *dans cette galère*, cheered us all up a bit, working miracles of humour with most exiguous material.

After a long succession of parts, Shavian and others, in which she has hit the mark through her downrightness and uprightness (much the same thing, I imagine), Miss Eileen Baldon has been given the indecisive character of Katie to tackle. She made but little of it. But I would be hard put to it to say who could.

Pleasant is it to find a play, and a first play at that, exciting ecstasy among those who do not grudge contumely when occasion arises. *Musical Chairs*, the new play at the Criterion, by Ronald Mackenzie, has resulted in a chorus of praise, in which I am glad to join, though dropping to an occasional *mezzo-forte* in place of a sustained *fortissimo*.

This is a tragic farce—arresting, therefore at the outset. Its story is credible, is relieved with humour of the best type, is intrinsically interesting, and real people move in it. It has something of Tchekov, without Tchekov's meandering, meambling gloom.

When Mr. Mackenzie will, while retaining the power of a Russian dramatist, get farther away from Russia than Poland—the scene here—he should write a play with an even stronger appeal to his native audiences than this has. But if he finds more capable people to interpret it than Mr. John Gielgud, Mr. Frank Vosper, Miss Carol Goodner, and all the other members of the cast he will indeed be lucky.

Since I can derive no little pleasure from sitting back with my eyes shut, and listening to Mr. Arthur Sinclair, without even being occupied with what he is talking about, the many shortcomings of *Old Man Murphy*, a new farce with which the Irish Players started a season at the Savoy, I looked upon with a forgiving eye.

After all, one cannot expect these Irish people always to be up to *Juno and the Paycock* standard; and if there is a pointless piece of fooling to be played, it is better that they should play it than any other troupe.

Here we see Mr. Sinclair as an old gentleman with oratory of the Parnell period enjoying himself in a political campaign in a Sinclair Lewis sort of American town. Promising stuff for the richest of brogues and the most blarnified of manners. One does not believe for a moment in the place or in the people or even that this is the proper way to put together a farcical comedy. But one does most emphatically believe in the art of Mr. Sinclair, and that belief remains when a night shirt and a whisky bottle do their best to kill it.

Miss Maire O'Neil and Mr. Fred O'Donovan are other old friends. If *Old Man Murphy* does not show any disposition to follow the example of "Ole Man River," a first-rate cast is always at hand for the revival of other—and never wearying—Irish plays.

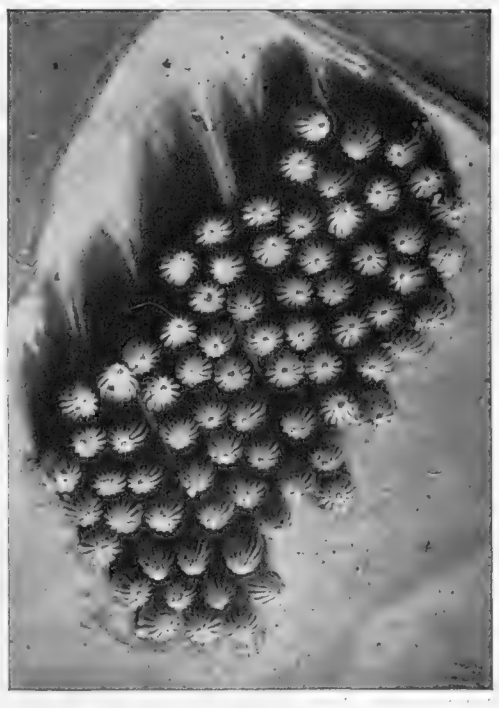
DEFENCE AND OFFENCE: The Emperor moth is inconspicuous owing to its colouring, but the "eyes" are an additional safeguard, frightening (though themselves harmless) any small lizard or bird which may approach too close

A CLUTCH OF EGGS resembling a bunch of grapes deposited on a twig of heather by a bombyx

THE MOMENT OF HATCHING: The Medusa-like scene when the caterpillars of the bombyx emerge from their eggs, some of whose broken shells can be seen

SWARMING NEW-BORN CATERPILLARS of the bombyx writhing down the twig on which the eggs from which they have emerged were laid

FULLY FLEDGED: A dove-tail emerged from its chrysalis—a characteristic feature of which is the twin nose-horn



THE CABBAGE WHITE (pieris brassicae) lays its eggs in groups on the underside of cabbage leaves

WAYSIDE INSECT LIFE: The Sixth of the Series of New "Sphere" Nature Articles

The observant hiker with eyes alert for the less obtrusive "wonders of the wayside" is likely to discover forms of insect life which not only claim attention by reason of their strangeness or beauty but also provoke curiosity as to their significance in Nature's scheme of things. On heaths in Springtime one often finds the female Emperor moth seated on a convenient tuft of heather close to the footpath. If search be made among the tangle of moss and roots below, the cocoon from which she recently made her début will probably be exposed to view. As she sits thus, drying her newly expanded wings in the sunshine, the moth is passing through the most critical period of her life-history, because as yet she cannot take flight if a questing mouse, lizard, or small bird should espy and attempt to seize her. Yet is she really so defenceless as first appearances suggest? Look more closely! Do not the strange, spectral eye-spots which adorn her wings seem to stare back at you with a kind of menace? Surely they, in conjunction with the insect's pendulous abdomen, simulating a pointed beak, convey the impression of a small but dangerous monster lying in wait for its prey.

This alleged "terrifying aspect" is especially interesting and noteworthy because the general colouring of the wings blends perfectly with the background of speckled heather and grey lichen. It seems there is before us an example of Nature's exceeding adroitness as a camouflage artist whereby two distinct yet correlated "effects" are achieved; the moth being almost invisible to the casual glance yet "terrifying" (if you happen to be a small and timorous beastie!) upon closer inspection.

In similar situations a lucky wanderer may chance upon a specimen of the rare Kentish glory moth (endromis versicolor), whose mien resembles that of the Emperor aforesaid, although the eye-spots are lacking. Both these moths exemplify the phenomenon of "sex-dimorphism"—i.e. the sexes are so dissimilar that they might easily be mistaken for distinct species. Moreover, in each instance the female is provided with scent-producing organs which diffuse streams of delicate perfume upon the breeze. Should a male moth encounter one of these streams, he starts instantly to fly towards its source. Other male moths within a radius of a mile or more are similarly attracted; with the result that the lady responsible for all the disturbance is soon surrounded by a jostling crowd of excited suitors, among which she is free to make her choice of a mate.

The large, reddish-brown "fox" (macrotylacia rubi) is another heath-frequenting moth whose males "assemble" in the manner which has just been described. In default of "noses," their frond-like antennæ serve as sense organs which transmit the stimulus of the perfume to the insect's nerve centres, and thus evoke the appropriate response. The fox moth's eggs are laid in June, and in the late summer the large caterpillars are sometimes exceedingly numerous; but they feed exclusively on bramble and heather, and are not "pests" in the agriculturist's sense of the word.

Regarded as a biological "species" the Kentish glory moth is a kind of Topsy among insects. Obviously it exists; yet the evolutionists can tell us nothing of its ancestry or relationships. This extreme isolation is the more remarkable because the "family" groups of insect classification usually comprise a diversity of species which, while clearly distinct, are nevertheless connected by hereditary characters common to all. This is true of each stage in the life-history, and applies to instincts and habits as well as to physical peculiarities.

For example, the eggs of the "white butterflies" (pieridae) have a characteristic sugar-loaf form, and are laid on cruciferous plants, including the cultivated varieties of cabbage. Those of the "tortoiseshells" (nymphalidae) are squat and dumpy by comparison, and will be found on stinging nettles and other economically worthless vegetation. So, too, with caterpillars and chrysalides. Those of the quaint little Central European "map butterfly" (araschnia levana) obviously conform to the same "type" as our British "peacocks" and "red admirals." Again, in the "Swallow-tail" (or "dove-tail") family, the caterpillar may always be recognized by the retractile scent organ behind its head, and the chrysalis by its twin projecting "nose-horn." Similarly, in the "perfect" or winged state, details of habit or preference often betray family relationship; as, for example, when we see Burnet moths (zygaenidae) of divers species instinctively flocking to the flower-heads of thistles and scabious, while avoiding the spacious umbels of carrot and fennel, whereon soldier and sailor beetles gather in crowds.

More of this wonderful life on the moors and in the hedgerows, and a little attention to it, a little questing after it, will make hiking not merely a getting from place to place in the charm of the open air, but an exciting adventure into realms of unexpected discovery.

H. B.

MODERNITY in BUILDING

INAUGURATING A NEW COMMERCIAL ARCHITECTURAL ERA: The great Marbeuf Motor Show-rooms in Paris. Reinforced concrete and steel are the materials used and the set-back theory is exploited. The architects of this revolutionary building off the Champs Elysées are Messrs. Laprade and Bazin

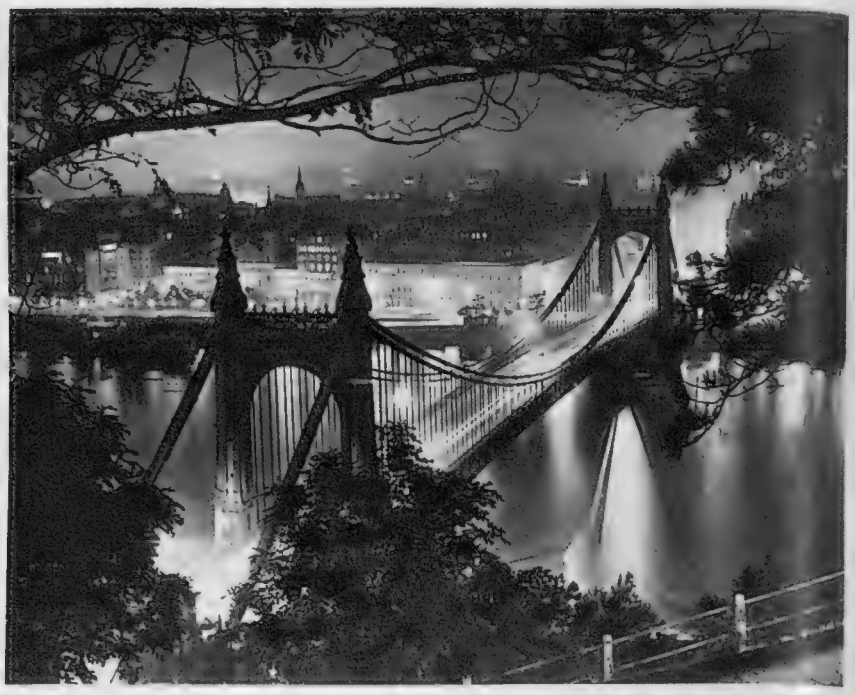
MODERNITY IN PARIS: The exterior of the Garage Marbeuf—for there is a garage with a capacity of 500 cars in connection with the show-rooms—by night. The window space is 60 ft. wide by 70 ft. high, and is recessed in massive stone-work

A HOUSE OF GLASS: In the grounds of the new Nueremberg Stadium the architect, O. E. Schweizer, has built a coffee house, the whole front of which is glass. Two round rooms for the customers with nothing but glass walls, offer a splendid view all round, and they are connected with the buffet-room, the front of which is also glass

THE EFFORT OF A BRITISH PRIZE-WINNER: The fittingly cruciform design for the memorial lighthouse now being erected, at the cost of £1,000,000, on Santo Domingo, to the memory of Christopher Columbus

THE MODERN ARCHITECTURE OF GERMANY reaches its apex in its ecclesiastical structures. The shaft-like tower of this church at Wilmersdorf, Berlin, bears a cross at its summit. The body of the church is also severely linear

RAKOCZI AVENUE: One of the great boulevards in the Hungarian capital. The police are dressed in the semi-military style ubiquitous on the Continent, and all the signs are in Hungarian—not in German



THE DANUBE BY NIGHT: The fretwork of steel sweeping over the famous river, whose famed "blueness" is seldom visible. This picture suggests the atmosphere of Buda—the great pleasure-city of Mittel Europa

SUN-BATHING IN BUDA: The Srechevyi establishment in the City Park—an ideal which derives, of course, from Germany, and which Mr. Lansbury attempted to create in London. Hungary, however, is not so sensitive to *Nacktkultur* as Germany

THE CASTLE OF KAJDA HUNYADI is set in the City Park. It is used as an Agricultural Museum in summer, and is flood-lit by night. The structure recalls the function in Europe Hungary shared with Poland: that of being a bastion against Islam

FROM THE FISHER'S BASTION: An impressive view of the parliament buildings seen across the waters of the Danube, which is seldom so blue as it is sung!

BUDAPEST—LAND OF THE TZIGANE

Budapest is, of course, an amalgamation of two cities—Buda on one bank of the Danube and Pest on the other. The atmosphere of the great pleasure-capital is unique: a strange mingling of gaiety and melancholy, of iron determination and irresponsibility. The high historic mission of Hungary is patent in the military monuments which strike a necessary stern note in the voluptuousness of their surroundings.

Let the syncopated and swaying rhythm of a train soothe you to sleep and carry you through the shimmering plains where *fata morgana* rules and turns the most entrancing and romantic dreams to life. Then wake up; you are in Budapest.

The Danube rolls lazily beneath your window, the bridges throw a spidery web across its waters, the sun disperses gold dust over the white mass of the Palace and Fisher's Bastion crowns a hill. Climb this hill, wander through a maze of quiet streets, pass by courtyards and the gracious-looking houses of the nobility and then, from the crests of Buda, gaze at rich Pest spread at your feet and let your eyes roam over the sweeping Hungarian plain melting into blue mist and sky. Listen to the wind's song; it has haunted this land from time immemorial, ridden in with Hun, Magyar, Mongol, and Turk, sighed sweetly over St. Elizabeth's benefactions and shouted the shining deeds of St. Stephen, Hunyadi, and Matthias. Its strains, wild and sorrowful, fill the sagas of warriors and saints and the folk songs of the people. It mingles the past with the present and its love of freedom, its sudden changes of temper and tempo, give you a password to understand and enjoy the conflicting elements that make up the magic of life in Budapest.

A first contrast—Buda and Pest. The one is becalmed in beauty. The other bristles with buildings of Germanic inspiration, with shops, supermodern automatic restaurants and letter boxes, with the dissonant din of traffic. Another contrast: the people stray over pavements and streets, and almost force cars to a standstill by their untidy behaviour and lack of discipline, yet they exhibit lamb-like docility when crossing bridges in one-way streams. They use the most up-to-date time and labour-saving devices, yet have no sense of time and its value. They eat mountains of whipped cream and remain slim. Their food is a combination of violent and sweet flavours. Their meals are almost normal but served at incredible hours. In short, all the extremes meet in their persons—saintliness and sin, frivolity and deep thinking, love of work and laziness, self-control and storming passions, athletic pursuits and intensified intellectual culture, and they even succeed in toning down the arrogance of wealth and carrying off poverty with a distinguished swagger. They form as subtle a

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

A PANORAMA of the Danube from H. Seller's Hill

mixture as St. Matthias's cathedral, where the severe inspiration of the Occident blends with the extravagant phantasies of the Orient.

Let us spend a day roaming about the city with one of her very hospitable sons. He has risen at three minutes to nine to meet us at nine and consequently he has swallowed in haste a delicious cup of coffee, some six varieties of bread, and a taste of cherry jam. He is still out of breath when we reach the Houses of Parliament, a stately replica of Westminster. A sitting is in progress, and outwardly everything is run on constitutional lines familiar to us. But my cicerone whispers: "Don't forget the hand of steel in the velvet glove . . . the fact that we consider the umbrella of power useful to handle in rough political weather . . . our one woman member and the delightful remark of a peasant voter, 'Have no fear, little Count! The opposition candidate gives me money, and to refuse it would wrong God's generosity. I take his money and vote for you.'"

Whereupon, we are deftly guided on to the terrace and shown into a restaurant open to the public. It would certainly be a sin to miss it, for we are transplanted into a country inn complete with stepladder leading to the loft, paprika hung rafters, and the usual huge stove, rough furniture, and candles stuck in wine bottles. As it is only 11 a.m. we are treated to a Hungarian mid-morning snack.

Then we are whisked off to a textile factory which turns out to be as interesting as, and a far more vivid sight than, the Ethnographical Museum. Caught in the drone of machinery, an army of red-cheeked girls or pallid workers plays its robot part in the drama of production. They are gathered together from all over the land, and put in a ten to twelve-hour day for a wage which would certainly not keep a British factory hand in artificial silk stockings. They labour bare-footed and in enormous pleated petticoats, with a gay kerchief knotted under their chin; red, yellow, blue, or green, beflowered with print and embroidery, their bell-shaped peasant skirts hang from the wall, an outer shell to be resumed only at the end of a long day.

Three p.m. spells lunch! Shall it be *kovacs* and a dish of *goulash*, or *ven diafo* and *fogas*, a tasty fish hailing from Lake Balaton?

After a meal filled with original, piquant, and strange flavours, there are many ways of killing time; tennis on the Margaret Island, rowing on the Danube, strolling on the Corso where beautiful women display their exquisite taste in clothes, their fine features and figures, their perfect hands and feet, or bathing in one of the palatial open-air baths which afford an even better setting for the aforementioned points as well as for music, gossip, and artificial surf riding.

At 5 p.m. we decide on a duty call and discover that duty has its pleasant sides in Hungary. As we emerge from the lift of a private house, our guide bestows some fourpence on the liftman (the charge varies according to the number of flights), and we are soon ushered into a large flat filled with priceless treasures, and rapidly absorbed in—bridge (a capacity to play is the present day measure of social standing!) However, the game is but an accompaniment to tea, coffee, chocolate, port, vodka, and dainties sweet and savoury.

Despite this inglorious mixture, 7 p.m. rings the correct hour for tea, and a visit to Gerbeaud's, the fashionable cake shop and social meeting ground. Here men and women soon stroll in wearing evening dress and on their way to concert, theatre, or opera, from which they will only emerge at 11 p.m. in quest of dinner.

The magic night life is then about to cast its spell on all: at the Dunapalota (don't forget, by the way, that it is one of the most delightful hotels in Europe), a crowd of conspicuously well-groomed people assembles to drink sweet and dangerous Tokay, to dance and to listen to the moving strains of gipsy melodies. Divine women and Don Juans and the music combine to awaken even the most placid temperaments; poetry of sunburnt or starlit open spaces, giddiness of freedom, peaks of joy and sorrow inherent to love—all are let loose by the flat-footed and grinning tziganes. And night after night, there are new tunes and new haunts to be discovered.

Indeed, so complete is the spell that tourist and Hungarian alike forget the background of suffering, of economic distress, of open rebellion to the Treaty of Trianon which are the underlying currents of reality. For the Hungarians, amidst all their pleasure-loving existence, are very determined that their present status shall be altered—and ameliorated; and the political situation is fraught with very varied possibilities.

Charming, hospitable, versatile, boisterous Hungary, nation of saints and heroes, nation so deeply in love with life and so infinitely skilled in enjoying its beauty and its pain, we cannot afford to let you perish (apart from more serious considerations) for we should lose—romance and the very desire to live! Without an occasional dose of Budapest, we might even conceivably smoulder forever, contented with plain food, reasonable conduct, and the ungrudging payment of income tax.

M. B.

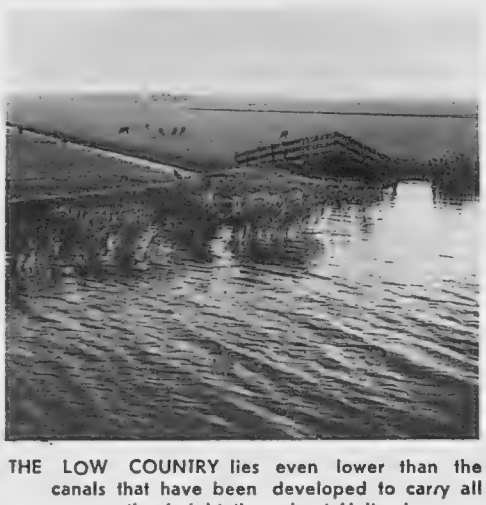
HOW TO GET TO HUNGARY AND HOLLAND

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, and routes to either of these countries, and in fact to any of the interesting travel centres of the world. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 6d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed—

THE SPHERE Travel Bureau,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2

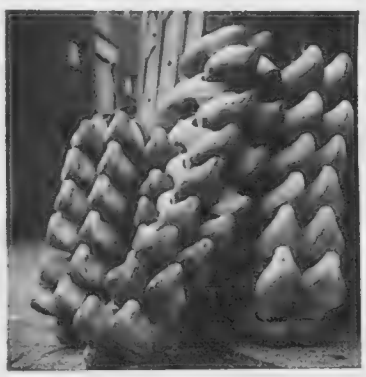
AT THE SIGN OF THE CHEMIST: The Dutch emblem for the trade is an open-mouthed Indian—symbolic of swallowing the physic

PROPRIETORSHIP AT ALL COSTS: The craving of a Dutchman for his own house leads him to be content even with so minute a hut as this



THE LOW COUNTRY lies even lower than the canals that have been developed to carry all the freight throughout Holland

FOUR DOORS TO ONE HOUSE, each leading to a different storey, enable the Dutch flat-dwellers to maintain their privacy



AN ELOQUENT SHOP SIGN: For clogs are still the normal wear of the peasantry

A VENETIAN SCENE IN HOLLAND: So many of the Dutch towns are intersected by dykes that certain houses or streets can be reached only by water

INDIVIDUAL BREEDING of cattle in Holland has eliminated the need for individual branding! This entire herd of cattle has been so developed by careful crossing that every member of it is black from the fore-quarters forward, black from the hind-quarters aft, and white round the belly

ODD THINGS TO SEE IN HOLLAND

By Dr. J. von Heimberg

MAKERS OF MONOLITHS

THE LIMESTONE OF SIND where the method of quarrying used in antiquity persists to-day. A tool is used identical with that long handled and attenuated adze seen in Egyptian hieroglyphs

HAMMERING TO A CHANT: *Patthar-wallahs* (quarrymen) strike with sledges a series of wedges packed into the limestone with earth, to the strains of a chant sung by the foreman to synchronize the action

DANCING ON THE CROWBARS which replace the wedges. The *patthar-wallahs* hold hands and spring up and down until the monolith snaps off—a perilous performance when working high up the rock face

The accompanying pictures taken in the vast limestone quarries of Porbandar (Sind) show the survival of a method, common in antiquity, by which it is possible that all the gigantic monoliths with which we are familiar were obtained. The preliminary procedure is that a channel about an inch wide is cut at the back of the rock shelf, to the desired depth. Thereafter the method may be followed pictorially

JERBA POTTERY ISLAND

A USE FOR BROKEN POTTERY: Houses in Jerba are made or mended with pots useless, through breakage, for the conservation or transport of water

ONE BAKING: In primitive ovens the shaped pots are baked, and several hundred pots are dealt with at a time—a type of primitive mass-production

WATER-CARRIERS OF JERBA: The porous clay pot is the most important household article in the waterless wastes of the Tunisian plains

A POTTER'S GRAVE marked with a clay vessel in which a white flag is set and round which symbolic broken shards of pottery are laid

Pottery is a vital industry in North Africa, for besides the sheep-skin used as the normal water transport, clay vessels are used to conserve and keep cool the fluid of life. The industry is flourishing especially in the island of Jerba off Spax, on the Tunisian coast, and its products are marketed all over the north coast

CAMOUFLAGING A RESERVOIR

BASED ON WATER: An angle of the park built over the reservoir in Caldwater Cañon that supplies film staropolis — Beverly Hills, California—with its water supply

THE CENTRAL FOUNTAIN in park that disguises the Beverly Hills reservoir in Caldwater Cañon. The reservoir has a capacity of 8,000,000 gallons and cost some 100,000 dollars (£24,800 to-day) to construct

VENTILATION: One of the concrete benches beneath which, at the back, is a long screen. Through the screen the reservoir is aerated and the water kept at a normal and constant temperature

There has recently been completed at Beverly Hills, outside Los Angeles where many of the film stars live, a pretty little park, three acres in extent, unique in the fact that it completely hides the city's new 8,000,000-gallon reservoir. In the centre a magnificent ornate fountain was erected and dotted here and there are benches. Ventilation is achieved by means of openings under these benches

A SPRING SONG of FASHION

Pictures by Peter North

Large floppy hats of fine straw are to be worn with our summer frocks, whilst flowers and fruit play an important part in their trimming. Here, this attractive picture hat is carried out in fine black straw and trimmed at the back with pink flowers. From Woolland Brothers

For sports or country wear no model is so practical as a béret. This season they are being worn with scarf to match. In the illustration above the ensemble is carried out in warm yellow and earth brown. Swan & Edgar

A charming Countyx suit in green. The coat, carried out in a soft woollen material may be worn with a narrow belt. The frock is a patterned green silk and it is finished with a beige collar. Marshall and Snelgrove

This graceful evening-gown is carried out in silver lamé. The sleeves are detachable and are fixed to the arm with an elastic band. Debenham and Freebody

A Summer two-piece frock carried out in shantung silk. The well-cut frock is sleeveless and the coat is faced with printed silk which has long scarf ends. Richard Sands

Here is an attractive ensemble for point-to-point days. A smart black-and-white tweed coat, with deep practical pockets is worn with a tweed hat to match. Studd and Millington

THE SPEAKING SCREEN

FILM STARS for FILM FANS

ANTINEA, THE ATLANLIDEAN: Fräulein Brigette Helm who stars in the English, French, and German versions of the Pabst Talkie of Pierre Benoit's *Atlantide*, re-christened *The Mistress of Atlantis*

HELLENISTIC: The Grecian aspect of Fräulein Brigette Helm in her new production, *The Mistress of Atlantis*, shown in a scene with Mr. John Stuart. Only the jewels are barbaric

IN PRIVATE LIFE: Frau Richard Weissbach, known to the film-fans of the world as Fräulein Brigette Helm, in her home in Berlin-Dahlem. It is said by those who know her that she plays the *hausfrau* with the same brilliance as her screen rôles

THE DISCOVERY: Tchai, a young gipsy girl found in a village gipsy troupe by G. W. Pabst to play Tanit Serga in *Atlantide*

IN DUAL ROLE: Mlle Carmen Boni in her brilliant performance in *La Femme en Homme*, the new French talkie, in which she plays both a girl and a boy. In private life she is Signora Augusto Jenina

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND: Mr. Adolphe Menjou and Miss Benita Hume in a scene from this Elstree production in which Mr. Menjou's Continental grace and American verve embellish an English film

AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'**—*"why be vague?"*

ENGLAND-CAPETOWN RECORD FALLS TO "FLYING SCOTSMAN" - 4 DAYS 17 HOURS

Mr J.A.MOLLISON again chose WAKEFIELD Castrol XXL for his D.H.PUSS MOTH

ANOTHER RECORD FOR BRITAIN: Mr. G. E. T. Eyston at Montlhéry in the 8-litre sleeve-valve Panhard in which he established a new world hour record recently, travelling at a speed of 130·73 m.p.h., the greatest distance ever covered in one hour on land. The car was lubricated with Wakefield's C. W. Castrol oil

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE DYNASPHERE.— Not so long ago some of us read in the technical press, and have seen on the films pictures, of a revolutionary car called the Dynasphere. I must confess that I looked at the pictures and scarcely bothered to probe into the details, principally because I thought the whole idea fantastic, and never likely to become a practical proposition. Since then I have had an opportunity of examining a model of the Dynasphere, and I have come to the conclusion that it ought to be taken a little more seriously than is the usual unorthodox invention. We have become so accustomed to the appearance of the ordinary motor-car that we are rather apt to heap ridicule on any design which does not give us four wheels on the ground, an engine in front, and a steering-wheel behind which we can sit. The Dynasphere is a motor-car which has no springs, one wheel, no tyres, and in appearance is quite unlike anything that we would call a motor-car. It is not surprising, therefore, that our natural instinct prompts us to say it is absurd without examining it in detail.

Now, when we remember that each one of our four wheels can convey a jolt to the occupants, we can readily understand that with only one wheel we would be subjected to only one-fourth of the bumps that we encounter in our ordinary motor-car. Then we must remember that the one wheel of the Dynasphere is two or three times the diameter of any one wheel of our present-day motor-car, so that the shock which it transmits is very much less than in the case of an ordinary sized wheel. For example, if a pot-hole is 6 in. wide and 3 in. deep a 6-in. wheel would convey a most unpleasant jolt to anyone riding above it, but a 10-ft. wheel such as the Dynasphere possesses would absolutely take no notice of such a pot-hole.

The comfort afforded by the single wheel is so pronounced that no springing is required at all and the comfort afforded to the passengers is likewise extended to the engine and all the transmission which, translated into brass tacks, means less wear and tear and more economical running.

The inventors of the Dynasphere claim that to give the same performance as with any particular car a much smaller engine is required in the single wheel vehicle. This means a much cheaper motor-car to buy and to run.

REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN.— The driver and passenger in this new motor-car sit inside the large sphere which revolves and travels forward around them. The engine is mounted in what I must call the chassis, on which the passengers sit, and the power from the engine is conveyed to a friction wheel which presses against a kind of internal metal ring or track.

THE CAR OF THE FUTURE! The Dynasphere which is explained and commented upon in the accompanying article

When the engine drives the car containing it and the occupants, it tends to climb up the inside of the wheel or sphere, which immediately makes the latter roll forward. Steering is effected by moving the inner track which supports the car or chassis relative to the outside wheel or sphere. This gives the latter a tilt to the right or to the left as the case may be, and the whole vehicle turns in a corresponding manner.

When this new motor-car was brought to the notice of the authorities they were worried, like many private individuals are, as to what would happen in a high wind, or if the car was pitched over. As a matter of fact, the Dynasphere is like the well-known children's toy which, when pushed over, immediately bobs up and rights itself.

THE LINES OF BREED: Miss Kitty Brunell, the well-known motor rally contestant, at the wheel of a Standard "Arnaulet," i.e. an attractive body by William Arnold of Upper Brook Street, Manchester, mounted on a Standard "Big Nine" chassis

The Genie of the Lamp—

"What do you wish?" asked the Genie. "I am ready to obey you as your slave, and the slave of those who have the lamp in their hands, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

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The Importance of FLOOR
In the Home of To-day

Next to the walls and ceiling the floor is the most conspicuous part of a room, yet too often it receives but scant attention. From the hygienic as well as the practical point of view parquet flooring is the most desirable, but unfortunately the question of expense causes one to hesitate.

It is not generally known that an ordinary floor can be transformed to gleaming oak parquet at a cost comparative to carpet for the same area. Further, once laid and given reasonable care, such a floor will last as long as the house itself.

The main bedroom at Old Swan House, Chelsea Embankment. Painted walls and ceiling of sea-green are supported by rich pillars of marble with which the parquet flooring blends happily

For dancing, of course, a parquet floor is ideal. Its smooth surface eliminates fatigue, and even when the floor is cleared the pattern is sufficiently effective to avoid an appearance of bareness.

The most common pattern is herring-bone, but there are many alternatives. Ingenious designs, utilizing as many as four or five different varieties of wood, are now available, and it is possible to select a pattern which forms an attractive feature of any room or hall, and which harmonizes with the furnishing scheme.

Firms such as Messrs. Stevens and Adams, Ltd., of Point Pleasant, S.W. or the Westminster Patent Flooring, The Osiers, Wandsworth, S.W., may be relied upon for first-class work with Empire timbers, and they will supply full information to any interested reader.

Parquet flooring always calls for rugs, and despite the gold standard and tariffs they have never been known to be so inexpensive as now. At Messrs. Harvey Nichols recently I was shown a most interesting selection of Persian rugs, all within the reach of a modest purse. Small sizes, for instance, approximately 4 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. may be bought for the small sum of 45s. These introduce the usual colourful hues that one associates with the Orient.

There is also a collection of larger rugs that were purchased before the increased prices. These are one of the best "buys" one can make to-day, and in addition there are the smaller Persian rugs that are obtainable for the small sum of 25s.

The connoisseur is provided with ample interest in the carpet and rug department of this same house. Persian carpets dating back some hundreds of years are displayed.

Bokhara camel bags look very well against parquet flooring, and these may be obtained from 70s.

Turkey carpets in large varieties are also to be seen, together with a wide range of Chinese mats and carpets. Chinese carpets, with their silky surface, and warm with their simple designs and colourings, make attractive settings for modern decoration and furniture.

But in the home of to-day plain carp are perhaps the happiest choic all, and in this respect one cannot better than pay a visit to the house Harvey Nichols. For they have especially large range of these p carpets prices c mencing f 5s. 11d. yard—and a variety no less t 150 sha Many pe have the taken c ception t plain carp are not p tical bec they stain quickly. if one cho a darki shade th need but lit fear in respect.

I was particularly interested in range of modern Persian carpets wh somewhat break away from the co ventional designs. Mostly they were b up on a floral pattern with rich mell colouring.

Here painted walls lend charm to a living-room. Hn parquet flooring, almost bare, is essentially rig for this type of room

A few years ago the word "linoleum had a cold uninviting sound. Tg day things are surprisingly change New and subtle colourings, designs, a surface treatments have all helped bring this about.

Tiled or even plain linoleum ma an excellent dado for the bathroom pe nursery; apart from the fact that it lo extremely well, it has the additio advantage of being perfectly simple keep clean.

One cannot conclude an article th floor treatment without setting forth t merit of painted or stained floors.

Last week I stressed the importance using a mediu which will n scratch or wear o and in this respect the well-known na of Solignum mentioned. He is an inexpens and effective wa which one can d corate one's o floors and one c either stain them paint them a colo which will tone wi an existing schem

I saw not lo ago a room fu nished with a sag green carpet a the surrounds we painted in a deep green. This look particularly we against the cre skirting and wall Floors are fascina ing factors in a d corative scheme, which one cannot too much attenti

A polished floor strewn with rich colourful rugs is an admirable setting for modern décor

Painted WALLS

Make a Pleasing Background

In the days of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers everything in the home was meant to be covered. Tablecloths covered the table, and a piano groaned beneath ornaments, and the walls were hidden behind pictures; even the ceilings were obscured by chandeliers. But to-day is the age of reality, of bare but beautiful simple lines, each with a definite meaning.

Nowadays we strip our walls relying only upon their beauty of texture, line, and colouring for decoration, and for this reason paint has become one of the most popular mediums for decorative expression in our homes, and many of the loveliest modern interiors exemplify the possibilities of paint.

There is, for example, the perfectly plain surface emphasizing one shade of colouring only. This is a practical method, as it is entirely uncompromising. But a more subtle and illusive treatment is the shaded wall in which one tint blends harmoniously with another.

One room I have recently seen was painted entirely in fresh leaf-green, commencing deeper at the skirting and growing slightly paler towards the ceiling, until the ceiling itself was the delicate green of the underleaf. This scheme is a delightful background for a modern setting.

Another attractive lounge had the woodwork and walls painted in pale peach-pink, and the moulding and frame-

In the library of Sir Philip Sassoon's house at Trent Park the walls are painted in a creamy yellow, a delightful background for the mellow volumes

work of the windows in bright grass-green. These two colours were, of course, re-introduced in the furnishing fabrics.

Many modern interiors have stippled walls, a faint concession to the old patterned ones but far more restful and peaceful. Personally I think stippled walls are warmer and more friendly than the rather aloof surface of the plain background.

Apart from its decorative asset paint has distinct hygienic value, particularly in the regions of the kitchen and nursery. If you consult your decorator he will advise you upon the several paints and enamels that will best suit your purpose—that is to say, makes that wash well and are durable.

Green is a cool, clean colour for the kitchen, but I have just visited a house where the whole room was carried out in white dull-finished enamel with portions of the woodwork picked out in cherry-red. Small red-and-white check gingham curtains completed the scheme, but cherry-red oil silk would look equally well and be far easier to keep clean. Ordinary white wood kitchen furniture would look very well if it were painted to match this scheme.

The walls and ceiling of this bedroom are painted in a fresh green, shading slightly paler towards the frieze

The colour scheme of the bedroom is, from a psychological point of view, the most important in the house, for unsympathetic surroundings are responsible for more cases of insomnia than one realizes. A doctor of my acquaintance had a patient who suffered from sleeplessness, and he put him in a blue room—blue is believed to be the colour most conducive to sleep—and the cure was complete within a few days.

Walls painted in a pale shade of peach-pink give a restful background to the rather decorative furniture of this attractive modern dining-room

Blue walls are, of course, a trifle cold for a room which faces north, but this can be counteracted by the introduction of warmly-coloured furnishing fabrics—orange, yellow, and gold; certain shades of red are tones which will give an appearance of warmth to a room.

It might be carried out in this way:

The walls shading from cornflower blue to a light blue at the top, with the ceiling slightly paler; then let the woodwork be painted a slightly deeper shade than the darkest tint in the wall, and if you wish to introduce still more colour interest pick the moulding out in a definitely paler shade.

Amber-coloured curtains and bedspread give the required touch of warmth which might be accentuated by the lighting.

Warm yellow painted walls for the nursery are a happy choice, and if you wish it a nursery frieze may be painted or applied to the walls.

"Hygeia" flat-wall finish is an ideal type of paint for the nursery, for it is washable, and no amount of washing will spoil its beautiful texture. A special point this, and one that will appeal to the nursery folk who have artistic inclinations and find the walls their happiest medium.

If you are in doubt as to the right material and colour schemes to adopt you cannot do better than write to well-known paint manufacturers, such as Messrs. Pinchin Johnson, who will advise you, and also send you a booklet, post free, which deals entirely with decoration in the home. This booklet is beautifully illustrated in colour and will help you in selecting the right colour schemes for the home. It deals with the various rooms in the house in turn and upon a page opposite the illustrations are a detailed description of the paint and colours that should be used. This little booklet combined with the aid of one's decorator will solve all interior decoration problems.

M. D.

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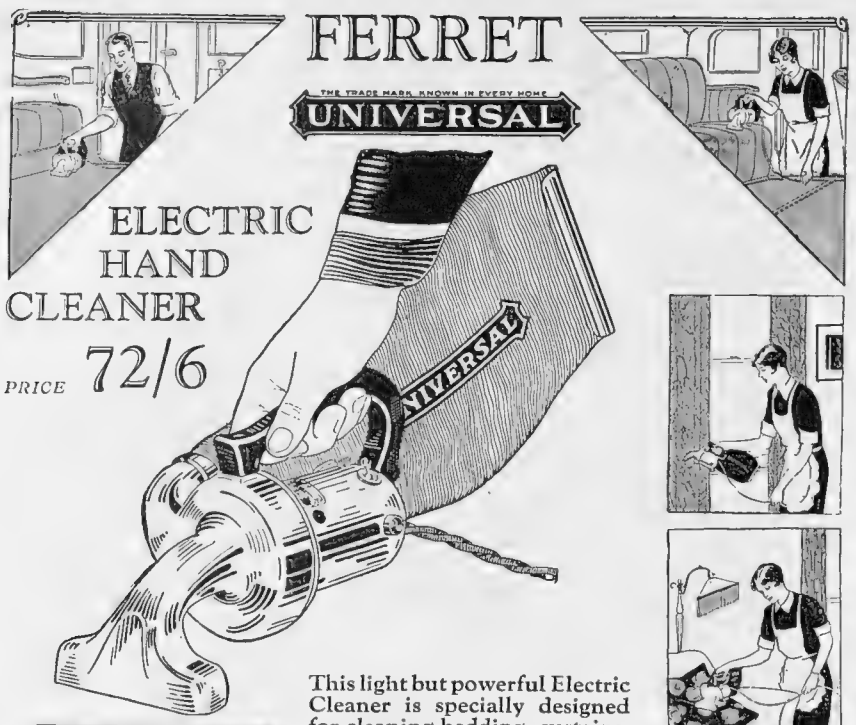

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NOTES on the HOME

Some Last Minute Thoughts on Spring-Cleaning Time with a Word for Dog Lovers

A fine example of the subtle art of modern lighting is shown in this attractive bedroom designed by Stanley Hall and Easton and Robertson. Tubular lights over the bed give adequate illumination for reading, whilst the room is also lit from the doorway

For most of us, I suppose, spring-cleaning days are nearing their end, but nevertheless there is still time to take a look round and see if there are any more improvements we can introduce in our home.

With this idea well in mind, I spent an entire day at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

I discovered, for instance, one or two new ideas in lighting, which I am determined to put into being in my own home. An excellent example of modern lighting in the bedroom is shown in the illustration above, by the way. Here the illumination although subdued is adequate, a none too frequent event in these days.

The stand belonging to Messrs. L. G. Hawkins and Co. has many interesting electrical "gadgets," one of which is especially worthy of a detailed description.

The universal electric mixer and beater is an entirely new invention which no modern kitchen can afford to be without. The only operation required for its many and varied uses is the pressing of an electric button.

It is both adjustable and portable, and therefore may be used in any size saucepan or bowl, also the beater may be used without its stand when desired. Here are a few of the capabilities that this small machine has to its credit.

It creams butter and sugar for cakes, mixes and beats batters of all kinds, and also mixes various beverages, including cocktails, whilst it will also whip cream, eggs, and soufflés. The combined mixer and beater can be adapted to mash vegetables and chop hard-boiled eggs and other edibles, and in all its many spheres it is simple to keep clean.

"Scamp" has been good for once and eagerly awaits his reward

Have you visited the various g exhibits yet? If not you will find the well worth your while. Cooking an heating appliances to meet every need ar demonstrated. One could spend literall hours on end in this heating and lightin section of the exhibition, and when yo at last tear yourself away you will fin various types of water-softeners an refrigerators waiting to claim your atte tion nearby.

The Bell's Heat Appliance Stand upo which is shown the "Aga Cooker" attract ed many people who wer anxious to get first-han knowledge of the remar able stove which will coo for a large household an costs less than £4 pe annum for fuel.

Not far away the ne models of The Cozy Sto Co., Ltd., were receivin a fair share of popularit especially the new boil stove which is demon strated as a unit for domestic hot water supply and another connected to a radiator for central heating.

Toward the end of the day I found my way to the National Hall, where Spratts (of dog-food fame hold a daily exhibition of champion an pedigree dogs.

In addition to this there is a compre hensive display of foods, remedies, an appliances for dogs, poultry, and caged birds, and experts are in attendance a the stand to advise visitors on any prob lem connected with the care and welfar of their dogs and other pets.

During this period of enthusiasm for the home the garden must not be for gotten. The garden section of the Ideal Home is dealt with upon the opposite page, but in passing I would like to draw my readers' attention to Messrs. Boulter and Paul's exhibit. Here two popular types of revolving shelters, an attractive medium-sized shelter, frames, a garden room, and other adjuncts of the garden, can be inspected. Technical experts upon the stand will be pleased to answer any inquiries.

Also in the building and garden sundries sec tion is the stan on which is ex hibited the Atco all-British motor lawn mower. Available in a large range of sizes and prices this machine is suitable for the maintenance of small or large areas of lawn.

The grass outside the club house of the Huntercombe Golf Club near Henley on Thames receiving attention from an Atco de luxe motor mower

GARDENS at OLYMPIA

Interpretations in Blossom, Foliage, and Stone of Passages in Famous Novels

A charming garden picture photographed from the "Gardens of the Novelists" by Carters Tested Seeds, Ltd. "Perdita's Garden," inspired by a description by E. F. Benson in "Mapp and Lucia," is a clever combination of the formal and semi-wild. Rhododendrons and flowering crab-apples mingle happily with daffodils and tulips

To plan a garden is to start out on a great adventure and, so far as the amateur is concerned, a perilous adventure at that. Most people who have had experience in this way will readily admit that the most difficult part is to visualize the whole as it will look when completed.

It is in this respect, I think, that the garden section of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia is most helpful, for here you can see an example of many interesting and varied types of garden. If your own particular garden is already in existence then you can get fresh ideas for it.

This year each of the seventeen gardens are beautiful interpretations of passages in novels by famous authors.

One recalls the rocky moorland garden from Mrs. Gaskell's *The Moorland Cottage*. Another is gay with shrubs and Alpine plants, suggested by Maurice Hewlett in *Rest Harrow*.

One of the loveliest is a clever interpretation of Perdita's Garden from *Mapp and Lucia*, by E. F. Benson. Planned and carried out by the well-known firm of Carters, this garden is an attractive combination of two distinct types. The one formal and the other semi-wild. Beds are planted with the many coloured tulips, and growing all around in the natural portions are heather, crab-apples, flowering cherries, and rhododendrons, and then at one end is a small waterfall splashing happily into a pool of clear, cool water.

This garden gives the illusion of great space, but in reality it covers quite a modest surface, and thus could easily be adapted in a smaller area.

In the centre of the tulip beds are planted flowering branches of crab-apple blossom. This relieves the somewhat stiff dignity of the tulips and adds interest to the beds. The wild portion with its drift of daffodils and bluebells, its heather and flowering shrubs, seems to be a very good labour-saving idea in these days of economies.

Another "labour-saving" garden is suggested by an interpretation of "Old Jolyon's" garden in John Galsworthy's *In Chancery*. This exhibit endeavours to show how stone judiciously used will create a pleasing effect and can be adapted to its natural surroundings without looking pretentious. Flowering shrubs and conifers are introduced.

Taken from a description in "The Flower of Life," by Thomas Burke. This garden, created by R. Wallace and Co., Ltd., blends imperceptibly into the surrounding woodland

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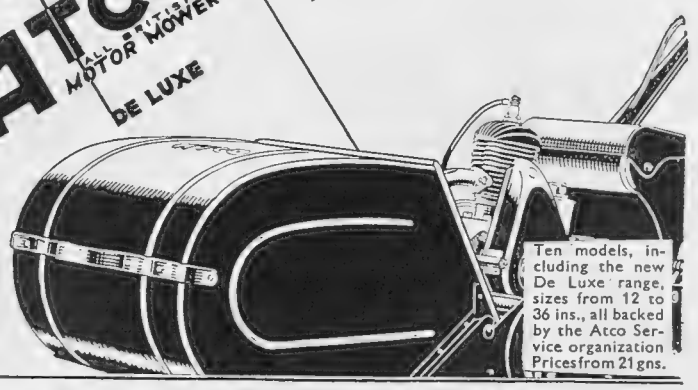

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CONTINUATIONS

BOOKS *(Continued from p. 106)*

say about the loss of kingship, the encroachment of aristocracy, the detestable influence of the Reformation and the puritans, the disappearance of heraldry and the guilds, with all the pageantry it entailed. This Chaucer challenges the popular conception of the dark medieval times. "We know his soaring hilarity and high spirits; never stronger than in his old age and comparative poverty, when he began to sing of the April day when men took the road to Canterbury. We know that this did not come out of a dark and twisted superstition or a debased social slavery; and it only remains for us to ask what it did come from." Mr. Chesterton asks, and supplies his own vigorous answer.

With the last tremendous eulogy of Catholicism into which this whole book resolves itself, many will disagree. That is the bee in a variegated bonnet, but the distraction will not interfere with a delightful entertainment. Here is G.K.C. in his best form.

If Clement Shorter were alive and presiding over this page, so long associated with his name, how he would pounce upon Mr. E. F. Benson's book *Charlotte Brontë* (Longmans, Green. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Benson has nothing new to tell us about this strange family in Haworth parsonage. I think the Brontë story is so popular because it preceded the feminist movement. The triumph of Charlotte, her sudden burst into fame, the mysterious hoky-poky of Currer and Ellis Bell, the discovery, the comparative fortune, the odd sisters, the grim northern parsonage, here are the ingredients of an irresistible biography. In some ways *Jane Eyre* was an utterly preposterous book. It combined all the horrors of *Dracula* with the flesh-creeping manner of Wilkie Collins—"a tissue of violences, absurdities, and coincidences" says Mr. Benson, and yet despite it all, a book of tremendous passion. Mr. Benson presents a balanced biography. He has enthusiasm and caution.

The tradition of humorous verse has always been strong in England, and it is well maintained in the lively and deft story, *Lord Maida Vale* (Walker, Bedford, 5/6), in which the short and painful excursion of a lord into low life is narrated in neat couplets. Here is the deftest of satires; Mr. Francis Bickley would have pleased Pope with these perfectly smooth couplets, sure in their aim—

For Maida Vale, most affable of earls,
Was often kind to quite untitled girls.

Too kind we learn before this lively night-piece is ended.

Man, Proud Man (Hamilton 7/6), is an anthology of women writers gathered together with the sole aim of deflating man. Miss Mary Borden is the only member of the group who gets beyond sarcasm, and realizes that man never was a rational animal, that he was designed to fall in love with women. Unwittingly this book constitutes a diverting study of the feminine mind, and men should read it.

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE ROBOT *(Cont. from p. 95)*

quarter for visitors comprising a skyscraper hotel, station, monster garage, aerodrome, cafés, cinema. The chief avenue will be 300 ft. wide. There will be streets specially for motors and others for pedestrians. The motor system will be colossal because the workers are all going to live in garden suburbs extending to six and seven miles, on a circumference, and they will all have to be brought to and fro by road. As it will always be a case of rush hours, no fewer than 1,660 auto lines will be operating as early as 1935.

When the city has reached zenith, seven years later, it will be a veritable hive awheel. Bat'a counts on having the whole 100,000 population—workers and others drawn to Zlin—as clients for his victualling and so on. Boots will almost be a side issue! The town will extend to the surrounding forest in which will be an open-air theatre, swimming pool, sports ground, sunbathing enclosure. In an Academic Quarter, schools will increase from six to eighteen. There will be a Masaryk University. In fact, the whole show is to be multiplied twice over and if at present 24,000,000 pairs are being produced annually, the number that should go out, with increased rationalization, by 1942, could well be 200,000,000 pairs.

This is apart altogether from Bat'a's plans to beat foreign tariff walls by producing inside foreign countries—as in the case of Essex canvas shoes by the million for Hindus. On the Danube, Rhine, Oder, Vistula he is building similar factories.

Rebuffs Bat'a brushes aside. Nothing daunts this transfixed cobbler. Scandinavia, Germany, others, may protect themselves (France cannot for political reasons, although her boot town, Limoges, is in sad case); our Tomas just thrusts ahead. It is said that machines have slackened by one-third at Zlin and that even so ten million pairs have accumulated; our Tomas has eyes only for 1942 when we shall all be wearing Bat'as'. How many he may render unemployed in the process, apparently devoured by the machine, is disregarded, the machine being god. Crossing the Czech frontier, the inn-keeper told me there had formerly been four cobblers in the region. They were all out of work now.

Bat'a has done good work; countless people are better shod to-day because of him. Also, if his system may sicken some, he means well and can't see at all why it should sicken. He may be riding for a fall. The view is held that his concern may resemble the River Rouge plant, a year or so from now. In that case Zenith City and the shoeing of the wide world should come to a halt. On the other hand Bat'a may pull through with what he likens to the Five Year Plan although trade unionists angrily retort that he is cramming millions into his own pocket. Bat'a is certainly a great kidder. He kids his robots all the time into believing theirs the most generous of regimes. However, what concerns England chiefly is the protection of her home market. Bat'a has, it is understood, long supplied us abundantly but under a camouflage, so that when he starts churning in Essex output will be compensating in a degree for former imports now hindered by the tariff. Moreover, the word is that Bat'a intends concentrating on Hindu feet, from Essex. The danger is that he may overflow, with his machines, and saturate the home market. There is nothing to stop him doing this, and can this be remedied? Leaving aside his roboting and his contempt for union law, after all, what's the good of his reducing prices, which he may do, if he dislocates the home market and makes you pay more dole? The work he'd give, ever lessening, will not compensate.

THE HOME IDEAL *(Continued from p. 103)*

Despite these days of swift progress it is hard to believe that there is much left for inventors and designers to improve. It would appear that in very many things we have reached the acme of comfort in a hundred different ways. But so we thought ten, twenty, and thirty years ago. For the more a thing changes where domestic comfort is concerned the more it fails to remain the same.

Now for a final note on this year's Exhibition. I have said nothing about the Tudor village, nothing about English lavender water which might be described as the Eau de Cologne of England; nothing about Welcome Terrace where Aubrey Hammond shows you how to make the entrance to your house as attractive as it may be drab and hideous at the moment; nothing about the Pageant of Fashion where a former classical scholar of Charterhouse and Oxford gives final instructions to mannequins in a classical unconscious effort to prove the value of a public school and University education; and nothing, finally, either about "Firesides Through the Ages," or "Curious Homes Beyond the Seas," where you can see the primitive dwellings of Iceland, New Guinea, and Nias Island. But I have no space for them all.

Suffice it to say that ever since man's first home was a cave in a rock or a hole in the earth, the search for more domestic comfort has been at once the most sensible, natural, and desirable endeavour—on the part of woman.

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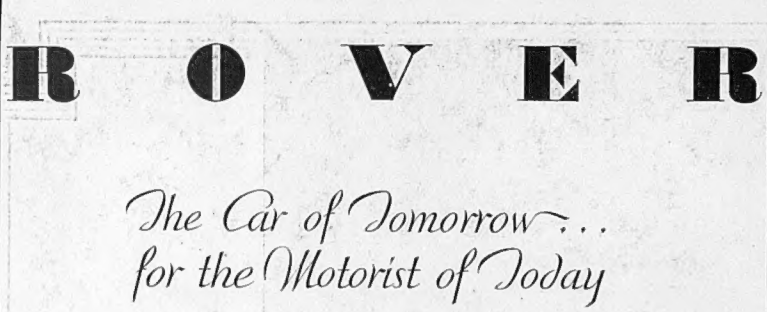

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AN ANGLO-FINNISH SAINT

England's historic connection with Finland, to which the withdrawal of Prohibition and the Anti-Communist agitation have drawn attention, is almost solely that made through saints and soldiers, but is commemorated mainly through a man who was a soldier and was afterwards made a saint, giving as the latter his name to no fewer than five churches in London alone. This was St. Olaf, son of an English king and an Irish princess, softened in English to St. Olave. The other Englishman influential in introducing Christianity into Finland was Henrick, Bishop of Upsala, in Sweden. In those days, the Norse races in which the English were involved, were inextricably mixed by marriage and by blood. It was this English Henry who led the first crusade organized by the Swedes to enforce Christianity on their colony on the other side of the Gulf of Finland. Bishop Henry was cruelly murdered by a fanatic Finnish peasant, and St. Henric the Martyr has ever since been regarded as the patron saint of Finland. On the west of the Gulf of Finland he is termed St. Eric of Sweden.

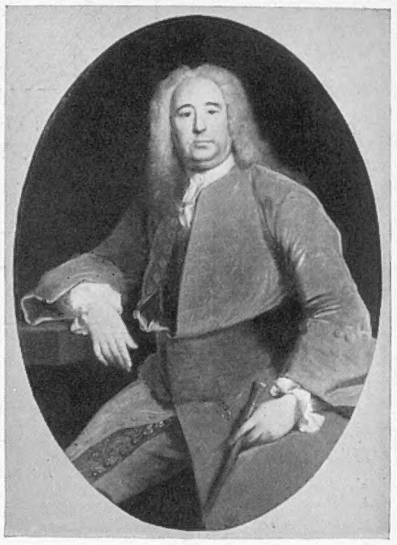
St. Olaf was a very different sort of person from St. Eric; he converted the Finns by fire and sword, being indeed noted more for his cruelty than for his sanctity. Olaf, one of the early Norwegian kings, was born in 995 A.D., and after having distinguished himself by his gallant exploits, and made his name a terror in several raids on the coasts of Normandy and England, succeeded in 1,015 in wresting the throne of Norway from Eric and Svend Jarl. He exterminated paganism both among his own subjects and the Finlanders so ruthlessly that the former rebelled and hastened to tender their allegiance to Canute, King of Denmark and England, on his landing in Norway in 1,021. Olaf fled to his brother-in-law, Jaroslaw of Russia, who gave him a band of 4,000 men at the head of whom he returned in 1,030 and gave battle to Canute at Sticklesbad, where Olaf was defeated, largely by the aid of his own subjects, and slain. His body was taken to the Cathedral of Trondhjem, whence the fame of its miraculous power spread far and wide. In the next century he was canonized and solemnly proclaimed the patron saint of Norway. It was after him that one of the most beautiful of Swedish castles in Finland was named. It was built not so much to overawe the Finns as to protect them from the Russians, who long coveted Finland, and eventually wrested it from Sweden, in 1809, after frequent bloody battles between the forces of the two nations.

Saint Olaf's Castle by Savontinna, is built in one of the many lakes for which Finland is famed and, before the days of heavy artillery, it was considered impregnable. Thanks to its strength this famous and picturesque old building is in a good state of preservation. To-day it is one of the best known of the graceful Swedish fortresses built in the olden days in Suomi, the "Land of a Thousand Lakes."

NOTES and NEWS

GAZE

The twenty-second annual general meeting of W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., the well-known firm of building contractors, etc., was held recently. In recommending a dividend of 10 per cent., the chairman was pleased to report that despite the general depression in the trade they have been fortunate in securing a record turnover which exceeded well over half a million for the year just completed. It is interesting to note the progress of this well-known firm which was established fifty years ago as building contractors, and this is still the main feature of the business. The company extended operations on a larger scale some fifteen years ago and added electric lighting, furnishing, and wrought-iron departments. They also extended their activities in the world of sport, and their "All-Weather" hard tennis courts are well known all the world over. The British Hard Courts Championships and Davis Cup Contests year after year have been played on these courts. In addition to the above they have a large garden department whose headquarters are at The Gazeway on the Portsmouth Road at Surbiton, where visitors may call and inspect the various model gardens and also the hard tennis courts. Their garden department are again showing at the Ideal Home Exhibition and also at Chelsea.



THE FINEST PORTRAIT OF HANDEL IN EXISTENCE: A picture painted by Allan Ramsay in 1740 and newly discovered by Mr. Sidney Hand. It represents both artist and musician at the height of their powers

ART IN SUFFOLK STREET

The Royal Society of British Artists are holding their 177th exhibition in Suffolk Street, under the presidency of Mr. Bertram Nicholls, who himself contributes a charmingly restful composition of Falmouth Harbour. Some exponents of the newer art—it is no longer brand new—have been admitted to the walls, but this year's efforts do not seriously disturb the older school. The water-colour section contains much that is worthy of study—and purchase.

ARE WE A MUSICAL NATION?

Mr. Becker of 115, Fleet Street, E.C.4, thinks we are and he should know for he claims to have taught 35,000 adult pupils to play the piano. There is very little doubt that we are coming back to a regard for real music—that of the great masters and to a desire to play—to create for oneself instead of being satisfied only to listen. Mr. Becker teaches by correspondence.

POUISHNOFF'S RETURN

After a successful Continental tour, Pouishnoff, the eminent pianist, has just returned to England and will shortly give a recital in London.

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Please remember the 1,100 children in the Society's various Homes and the Training Ship *Arethusa* who must always be fed, clothed, and educated. The work the Society carries on is that of training the young to become good and useful citizens of the Empire. Surely there cannot be any more worthy cause than this; the Society appeals to readers of THE SPHERE to send donations to help in carrying on this great work. Gifts to the Headquarters, at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, will be gratefully acknowledged.

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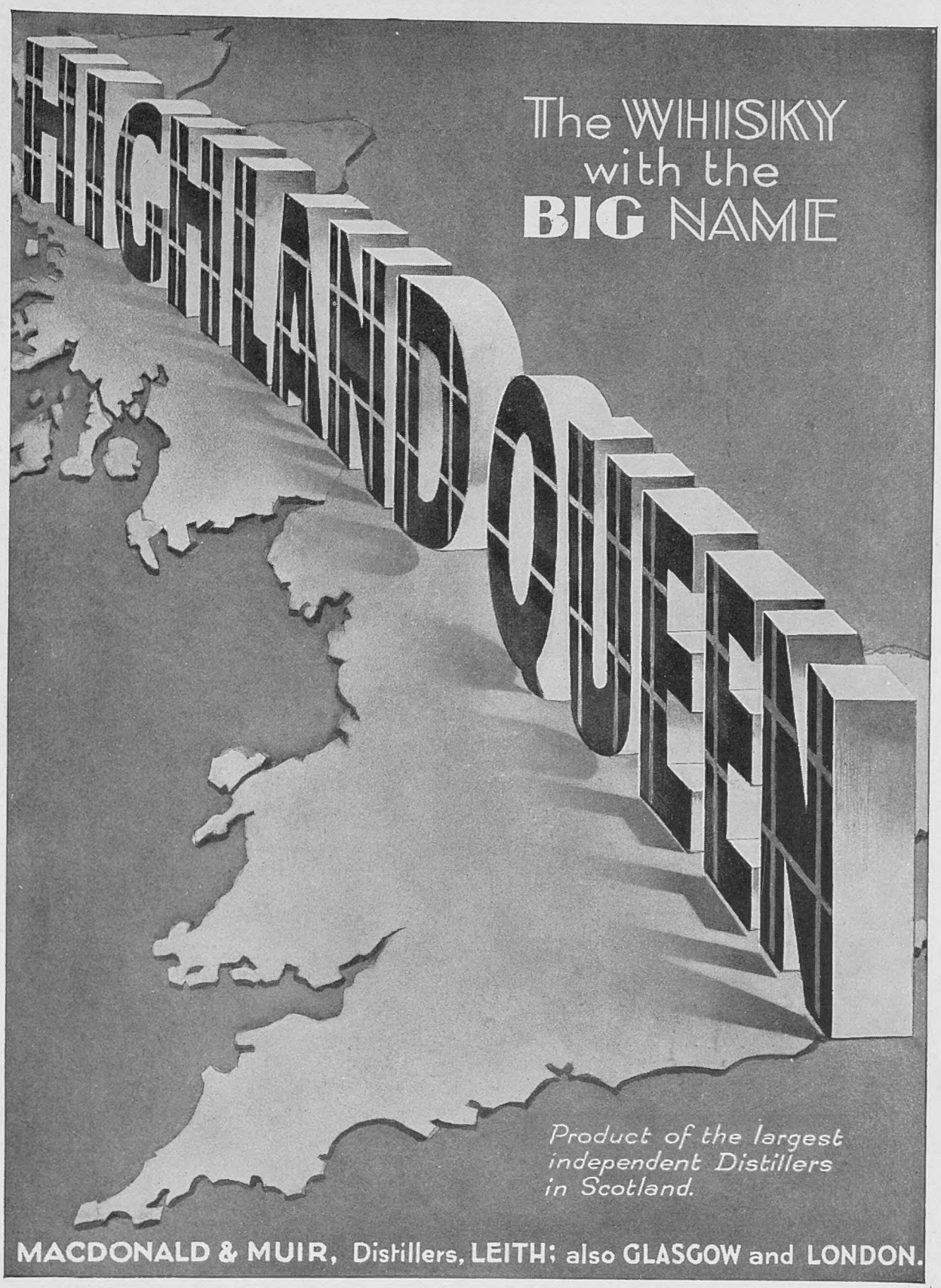

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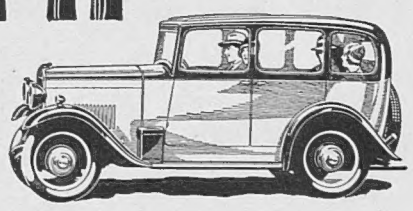

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